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CIVILIZATION NOT REGENERATION.

IN different periods of the history of the Christian faith, its disciples have been exposed to temptations from precisely opposite causes. During the infancy of that faith, they were tempted in consequence of its limited diffusion. Then came the danger that the budding convictions of many hearts might be blasted by the fear of man, and the terrors of persecution. If we look back to the time when Christian discipleship exposed men to the hourly peril of martyrdom, we can imagine that many would only dare to steal to Jesus by night. How many warm confessions, which were just rushing to the lips, might be struck by the chill of death, through overwhelming fear! Not only the cowardly spirits, but even those comparatively brave, who had not yet attained a self-devoting courage, might be tempted to that denial of Jesus before the world which would subject them to *his* denial before his Father in heaven. The limited diffusion of the Christian faith was an occasion of temptation. And what earnest and perpetual prayers went up from the beleaguered

Church, in those fearful days, that the time might come in which disciples could go to their baptism, cheered by a cloud of approving witnesses, exposed no more to scoffs and pains from an opposing and persecuting world!

Those prayers were heard. But, then, temptations began to arise from a precisely opposite cause,—from that very diffusion of the truth for which so many martyrs had toiled and prayed. Then came the danger that the apparent faith of many might be merely an outward conformity to prevalent opinions. Then the seeming improvement in public morality, or in individual character, might be the effect of the general influence of Christian truth upon the customs of the world, of an outward civilization, rather than the fruit of a new, regenerating life. Then the hosannas to Jesus might become the mere echo of the general voice, like the shouts which saluted his ear when he rode into Jerusalem on his way to the crucifixion. There were great temptations during the infancy of the faith. There are great temptations now, in the day of its diffusion, through the operation of many principles in human nature. The same fear of man which once drove men to its denial may now tempt them to its confession, for the sake of outward conformity. The temptations of these latter days do not seem so terrible as those of old. They do not take the frightful form of the cross. Still, to the thoughtful, discriminating man, they may appear more terrible, because they are so insidious. The cross presented a peril, indeed, which weak men too seldom dared to brave. But the danger was clear and unveiled. The shame and sin of cowardice, or infidelity, could seldom be covered by self-deception. The delusions of external conformity may hide a multitude of sins. Men whose hearts are like moral sepulchres may thus put on the garb of life. Days of martyrdom are terrible. Man shrinks from the scorching flame and the bloody sacrifice. Yet when the lowly, brave disciple, amidst such nameless perils, receives the water of baptism upon his brow, it becomes the radiant

seal of the Father's adoption. It is good that the name of Jesus should be widely honored. It is good that the customs, the institutions, the feelings, of the world should be modified by his words, until we can call it a Christian age. Still, who can forget that, in many hearts, this general, external honor may usurp the place, and conceal the need, of a new and diviner life?

Two things, which are widely different, are sometimes confounded in our hasty thought. Men do not always discriminate between Civilization and the Christianization of individual men, and of society. Their wide difference occasionally startles every mind, indeed, when barbaric lusts gain sway over polished men; or when burning passions break out with volcanic force in the bosom of Christian cities, to do hellish deeds. Still, it is well to gain a clear view of the principle which separates them.

Civilization. There is a general, humanizing, and almost hallowing influence of Christian truth upon the opinions and feeling of the world, which extends far beyond the circle of those who distinctly accept it as their law. The thought of Christendom is modified by its power. The heart of the race is softened by its love. Both believers and unbelievers — using these terms in the spiritual sense given to them in the Scripture — are affected and controlled by its teachings. It has rendered multitudes more gentle and humane in action, whom it has not made holy in heart. Not only the Christian disciple, in the strict sense of the word, but the *man*, now loathes forms of oppression which were once unquestioned. Christianity has partially renovated the moral atmosphere of the world. The laws and customs of almost every Christian nation have been modified by the power of Jesus, even where society has not been Christianized. Every step in human progress, since his day, he has directly or indirectly aided men to take. The rays of Bethlehem's star are not confined to those who go with humble offerings to the Redeemer's feet. They mingle with the common light

which falls upon every man. They have enlightened the surface of the world, even though they have not yet dispelled the darkness which broods over its heart.

Civilization. It spreads a beauty over the surface of society which seems like the charm of morning beaming over land and sea. Yet when we probe its deeper life, and discover in how many respects it clashes with Christian truth, we see that it may only weave a new garment for the world, while the heart is still unchanged. The contrast may be greater yet. The light of day clothes even those spots with beauty which generate unwholesome vapors that spread disease and death. So the light of civilization sometimes conceals the deformity of vice, and robes it with previously unknown charms. Glance at a few illustrations of this contrast, in social and in individual life.

Civilization, this general influence of Christian truth, introduces many modifications into the customs of war. It softens many of its barbarities. It forbids some of its butcheries. But it never destroys the war principle itself. Perhaps it arms it with new powers for the accomplishment of its bloody work. Civilization alone will not redeem us. But the Christian spirit of love, whenever it truly reigns, even if it does not forbid violent defence against assaults, — as some suppose, — destroys every disposition to injure, or assail. The spirit of Calvary either prevents or atones for every injury, and lays the axe at the root of every tree of strife. Whatever may be our theory of the right of defence, one thing is clear: these wars which devastate the nations could no more exist in a Christianized world, than among the angels of God. This general civilization of the world has never kindled the fires to melt one sword or spear, except in order to forge some new and more effective weapon of death. It has changed the butchering savage into the cultivated warrior, who brings knowledge and skill to perfect his terrible inventions. Civilization garnishes the sepulchre, but never cleanses it from its corruptions.



Civilization has changed the surface of the world in many ways. Observe that change in the pursuits of business or the struggles for power. Human selfishness is restrained within peaceable forms of action, in the world of traffic. The laborer is unmolested while he reaps the fruits of his toil. Under the peaceful institutions of freedom, men seek influence and power. But does this external improvement of civilization regenerate the world's selfish heart? Under these civilized modes of business, a selfishness which hardens the heart into iron may prosecute its plans and grind the poor into the dust. And amid fierce struggles for political success, even under institutions established by the sacred spirit of liberty, we see few except the money-changers in the holy temples of freedom, who profane their hallowed courts. What has this mere civilization done? What can it do, after all? We give thanks for its humanizing influences. It has transformed a once jarring world into a scene of comparative order and peace. But it has changed its garb far more than its heart. Sometimes it has only woven a veil under which the evil conceals its revolting features, while it continues to act with unabated life. That is not the physician which humanity needs, and for which it longs in every sigh and prayer. These issues of blood can never be stayed by that. It has no skill to dry the fountains of corruption through which the health and life of the world ebb away. Jesus, the great Regenerator, alone can heal. In all the highways of action in which men lie, let them cry to him, saying, "Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us." Let them touch the hem of his garment in simple faith, and they shall be made whole.

Civilization not Christianization. Does it seem almost impossible that men should confound two things which are so different, and mistake the outward improvement of society for a new inward life? In every step of the world's advance in general cultivation and refinement, there is an increasing danger that the real motives of action, even when

greatly corrupted, may be hidden under a general similarity of customs and of life. The true and the base meet together amidst the same forms of business, and practise the same civilities and courtesies. Those who are vile at heart enter the circles of the innocent and pure, with a fair demeanor, with a polished tongue, and, under their grace of manner, conceal from the world, and partially from themselves, the pollution which makes their souls black as night. There is a broad field of common action in civilized life, in which the good and the base may meet, while everything externally seems equally fair. And while no moral separation is manifest to their eyes, multitudes overlook the fatal error at the heart. How many fail to see, that these thousand common, daily deeds, which seem the same in every life, if justly judged, may be infinitely different. What some men do in mere conformity to custom, or through a deep, yet hidden selfishness, may be in others the natural expression of genuine love. The prayer which is sincere and pure with one, may be an abomination in the sight of God in another who is kneeling by his side. The same deeds which in some will be as chaff to be burned in the day of judgment, will become to others a wedding garment for the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Civilization not Christianization. Even the whole world seems to fall into the mistake which appears so gross. "This is a Christian age," men continually exclaim. Though they do not mean to call it Christian in the highest sense, yet they often partially deceive themselves by the term, and mean more than facts will warrant. We dwell in a period which is partly civilized by the general influence of Christian truth. The Gospel has won many victories. But the Christian age has not yet come, — nor is it near at hand. We are civilized in our modes of business. But we have not learned to practise them in the Christian way. Even though we grant that Christianity does not demand the good of the world as our ruling purpose, and make our indi-

vidual benefit an entirely secondary aim in every worldly occupation, it does require that the general welfare should hold an equal place with every private end. How many enter the trades, the busy occupations of the world, with that principle as their fundamental and sovereign law? How many nominally Christian men make every place of business holy by inscribing that principle upon its walls? It would not be difficult to prove that no worthy occupation could suffer, and no genuine prosperity could be lost, under its sway. But now we merely contrast the character of the world with the law itself. This world of traffic needs a renewal, not in the general methods of its action, but in the prevailing spirit of its life. Men condemn it as sacrilege when private and selfish aims predominate in the priests at God's altars. At what altar of duty in the wide universe of God has self-seeking any license to rule? "Therefore, thou art inexcusable, thou that judgest; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

We find civilization in every sphere of social life. Kindliness of feeling and civility of action greet us almost everywhere. Refinement arrays a thousand circles of the world with a robe of beauty. But where is the living, Christian heart? Turn to the history of the Son of God, and you see that Divine Redeemer communing with publicans and sinners, as well as with the disciples whom he especially loved. But when we take an uninstructed, darkened fellow-man, who may be lying at the very gate of those who are rich in knowledge to bless and elevate his needy soul, and enter these scenes of polished life, how often we might find that the introduction of such a degraded brother among his fellow-transgressors, in simple obedience to the example of the Lord himself, would be deemed an unpardonable sin! Ye polished, civilized, but unchristian men! will nothing cause that dread sentence to peal upon your ear,—“Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these, ye have not done it unto me”?

A little reflection will detect a whole train of contrasts equally great and sad. Civilized, but not Christianized; that sentence describes the world to-day. It must gain a far deeper, nobler life, in order to entitle it to a true baptism into the Christian name. Even these specifications do not reveal the whole depth of this moral contrast. Civilization often seems to rest upon a basis, and to foster a spirit, which is directly opposed to the highest Christian law. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," is the word of Jesus. That brief declaration expresses the grand principle which should control every man, and become the living heart of social life. But modern civilization stimulates and strengthens individual interests. It creates competitions, in order to call forth energy, art, science, to accomplish its projects. Christianity summons the world to self-renunciation. Civilization makes selfishness the controlling power. It kindles the flame which Christianity designs to quench. All this civilization which generates the strife of interests, and the hot pursuit of gain, which converts the world into a crowd of contending, grasping rivals, instead of a fellowship of loving brothers, must be radically changed. The law which teaches men "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," the lesson of self-renunciation embodied in the cross, must penetrate the heart of the world before the true Christian age can come.

Civilization not Christianization. The mistake to which we have referred has vitiated the views of many Christian men. It often destroys, or at least impairs, a true moral discrimination in the application of Christian truth. It gives birth to the fancy, that the strict words of Jesus, addressed to the first disciples, demanding a new aim and purpose, must have great limitations when applied to men to-day. Because an external knowledge of Jesus is universal, the grand doctrine of the regeneration is not less radical than when it first startled the Jewish ruler by night. Any modification which weakens its meaning paralyzes the

Christian teaching. This general influence upon the world from the general knowledge of Christian truth, this Christian civilization, does not create the Christian heart. The Jew might have needed to hear the strictest doctrine of repentance, every man will say. But how can those who have lived within the shadow of Christian temples, whose lives have been unconsciously moulded by the influence of the Christian spirit, need the call to a similar repentance? Of what was the Jew to repent? What was the essence of the change in him, except the renunciation of his selfish heart and will? Has the world's growth in knowledge, has its advancing civilization, cast out that demon of selfishness from human hearts? The change of its manifestations, we repeat, may not diminish one tittle of its power. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." "Heaven and earth may pass away," but not one jot of Christ's law of self-renunciation can pass away, until human nature itself is changed, and man ceases to be man. Not in the general honor for Christian truth, not in social refinement, not in knowledge, science, art, can we trust. We need the unselfish, Christian heart which will transform the world into a communion of brothers. The graceful acknowledgment of Christian obligations in private life, or in official speech, will not avail. The new, regenerating motive must control and inspire the heart of the nations. The conventionalism of Judæa, the mere conformity of outward life, was not more sinful than the conventionalism and conformity of to-day. It may be more tolerable for Judæa than for us, because we dwell in a greater light. We need the life of the cross. And that life has not gained ascendancy in a world which seeks to be ministered unto, and not to minister, with men whose hands are still so often stained with blood. It is a small thing to sit around Christian altars in obedience to prevailing custom. The world revolts from the formality of the Pharisee. Men pay tithes in Christian temples to-day, and yield obedience every hour to the selfish maxims of social

life. How many never seem to suspect that this mere Christian garment is no proof of the existence of a Christian soul! Those who are thus rendered outwardly Christian, because they have lived in a Christian atmosphere, should offer special thanks that they were not born in heathen lands. For the mere spirit of conformity would have left them helpless victims of their abominations.

It is good to think that the power of Christianity humanizes the world, even if it does not redeem it. It is delightful to see its benignant spirit softening the stern hearts of men; changing cruel laws and barbaric customs; sundering the chains upon the slave; constraining those who are really unchristian in purpose to yield, in some degree, to its influence. But this beautiful, external result is not the incarnation of the life of Jesus. This cleansing of the surface is not the conversion of the heart. The Christianity of civilization alone may leave the same old passions uncrucified; to work beneath the schemes of business; to break out in the hot strifes of individual and social life; to flame up with volcanic force, in appalling crimes, and murderous wars. This external Christianity may say, "Have we not prophesied in thy name?" But in the judgment of conscience, and of God, it utterly fails. The world wants no superficial remedies. It is not to be redeemed by half-way appeals, which may produce "a circumcision of the letter," but do not renew its inward life. The appeal must not only come to the scouted publican, the open transgressor. It must pierce the heart of every man, who is conscious, notwithstanding his external graces, that he has never struggled to consecrate himself to truth and God. It must not only reach the sinner according to human standards, but it must arouse every man who is self-seeking, and not self-renouncing, — who has not begun to build upon the true foundation of a supreme love to God and man. It must reach those, however honored, who cannot follow truth through suffering, shame, and loss. It must penetrate the soul of every man,



and of every nation, until we behold institutions, laws, and a social life, which do not clash with the spirit of Jesus. The Apostolic declaration is not the dream of human imagination, but a sentence echoing down from the judgment-seat, — "He is not a Jew who is one outwardly; but he is a Jew who is one inwardly; whose circumcision is not of the letter, but in the heart."

G. W. B.

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### THE REST OF PLANTS.

"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

THROUGH the long wintry months, the life of the leafless trees and frosty fields has been sunk in that mysterious sleep in which the questioning soul has ever felt a sympathetic interest; yet we trust we shall not disconcert the moralist, or invade the poet's rights, if with hard facts of science we too seek to rend the veil, and, passing by the moral and spiritual significance of the great phenomenon, find another interest in its physical causes. Doubts that rise from the contemplation of great destructive changes in the outward features of nature may disappear, when in the inner recesses of life we find to what servitude death and decay are subjected.

Rest and sleep are inseparable companions of life, even in its simplest forms; for the fungus that lives but a day still finds its rest in the germ, and higher forms of life are subject to frequent alternations of vigor and repose. The leaf and the petal, which are now generally regarded as the true individuals of the vegetable world, sleep in the night, and the composite being, the plant, sleeps once in the year in every climate, — in the frosts of the colder zones, or in the fiery droughts of the tropics. This annual rest of plants is

observed even where no apparent external necessity requires it, and must, in such cases at least, be a part of the vital economy. Can what is known of this economy justify us in inferring that rest is essential to all plants? In answer to this question, we shall give a brief account of those general principles of vegetable physiology which appear to bear upon it, especially of those that relate to the processes of nutrition.

The leaf at the summit and the rootlet at the base, with the connecting series of hollow fibres, contain within them the whole alimentary apparatus of the plant. The rootlet, absorbing water with the soluble minerals and carbonic gas of the soil in solution, transmits them through the fibres to the leaf by a simple mechanical process, which we shall shortly describe. The water spread out within the green cellular texture of the leaf is rapidly evaporated through the pores with which the upper surface of the leaf is perforated, while the carbonic gas, deprived of its oxygen by the agency of the light and heat of the sun and the green contents of the leaf, becomes a soluble organic substance (either sugar or mucilage or starch); and the mineral matter is deposited as a solid incrustation of the cells, appearing as ashes when the leaf is burnt.

Thus the sap of the leaves is formed; an organic substance, composed of carbon and the elements of water, it commonly exists in the leaf as mucilage, the food of the insect inhabitants of the plant. Its density, greater than that of water, affects its circulation through a mechanical principle which we will illustrate by a simple experiment.

If a tube closed at the bottom by a thin membrane, and partly filled with a solution of sugar or gum, be immersed in pure water, the solution will be found in a short time to have increased in bulk, though its weight remains unchanged, while the water without will be found slightly tinctured with it. A small quantity of the solution passes out of the tube through the membrane, and an equal weight

of water passes in ; but since the density of the water is less than that of the solution, the bulk of the latter is increased. The passing out of the solution was called by its discoverer *exosmosis*, and the passing in of the water *endosmosis*. This action with that of capillary tubes explains all the processes of circulation in plants. Thus the sap of the leaves passes down through the series of hollow fibres by *exosmosis*, while the water from the rootlet passes up by *endosmosis*, bearing new materials from the soil to be converted in turn into organic matter. The organic matter of the sap in its downward progress is gradually converted by the assimilating powers of the living fibres into solid matter, enlarging and multiplying and thickening the fibres and extending them downwards into new rootlets.

Thus the busy leaves labor all summer long in making food for the tree by an apparently endless process. There is, however, one circumstance not to be overlooked ; the mineral contents of the sap are gradually filling the pores of the leaf and unfitting it for its office. Thus all leaves are short-lived, scarcely ever surviving the labors of a season, though they sometimes remain in a condition of partial activity for several years. They do not perish by frosts and drought alone, but by their own processes.

When the leaves are fallen, the new buds at their bases do not spring up into life at once to continue the process, but, like the seed, continue for a season in a state of torpor ; and our inquiry now leads us to seek for the changes which take place during this period of rest. With the fall of the leaf evaporation ceases, and the sap still ascending by *endosmosis* fills the tree to excess. There is no apparent reason, therefore, why the new buds should not unfold at once, except indeed the conditions which prevent the further expansion of the leaf, or the formation of any cellular tissue, at the close of the season. If these conditions be clearly defined, we may be able to discover how the suspension of life for a period can remove them. They

depend, at least in part, on a chemical principle which we must here introduce.

The contents of the sap assume several forms in the process of growth, such as sugar, mucilage, starch, and wood. These are nearly identical in chemical composition, and can be converted by chemical processes from one form to another. Thus starch can be converted to mucilage, and thence to sugar, but the reverse cannot be effected by chemical processes. Hence chemists regard these forms, identical in chemical composition, as different in the degree of their organization. Wood and starch are regarded as the highest forms of organization, and sugar as the lowest, while mucilage holds an intermediate rank. The chemical conversion of the higher into the lower forms is regarded as a process of degeneration, while the opposite process, which takes place in the plant through the assimilating powers of the living tissues, may be called the process of generation. Degeneration takes place spontaneously in decay and fermentation. In the latter starch degenerates to mucilage, and thence to sugar, and further, the sugar by degeneration is separated into alcohol and carbonic gas; and alcohol may be still further separated into ether and water, or by fire entirely decomposed. The steps in this degeneration may be multiplied and varied to a very great extent, giving rise to that extensive class of chemical substances known as organic compounds.

According to these views, there is a direct antagonism between chemical forces and the assimilating powers of living tissues. The highest organic solid has an organic form, the lower an amorphous form, and the lowest a crystalline or mineral form; moreover, the solubility of organic matter diminishes as we ascend the scale. Wood is entirely insoluble, starch slightly soluble, mucilage still more, and sugar the most soluble of all.

We have already seen that the mucilaginous sap of the leaves is the food of the woody fibres; now whenever cellu-

lar tissue is formed, the sap is found to be saccharine. The reason of this is obvious, when we consider that the food of the fibres conveyed by exosmosis is constantly descending with them, while the cellular tissue, growing upward into leaves, stems, and flowers, receives food only by the capillary circulation, aided by the mechanical pressure of the endosmosis, for an efficient action of which great fluidity is necessary. Cellular tissue grows therefore most rapidly when the sap contains most sugar, that is, when it is highly nutritious and at the same time quite fluid, so that capillary circulation and the pressure of the endosmosis may force it most readily upward.

We have seen already, that at the fall of the leaf, and the suspension of evaporation, the pressure of the sap increases. This is however insufficient, on account of the viscosity of the sap in the branches, to excite the buds to life. The sap at this season in the trunks of trees contains a little sugar, but this with all other nutriment is soon converted by the still active fibres into solid matter. Here begins that complete suspension of vitality which would continue indefinitely but for that degeneration of tissues to which we have referred. Sugar is probably in all cases the product of such degeneration, since the leaves produce immediately mucilage, which is a higher form of organization, and the sugar of fruits is undoubtedly formed by the degeneration of their tissues. Drought seems to be a more important agent in the vegetable economy than frosts, for most seeds require drying before their germination. The reader has doubtless observed for himself, that nuts grow sweet by drying. So far then are frosts and droughts from causing the suspension of life in the plant, that they, on the contrary, reawaken the plant to a new life, by restoring to the sap through degeneration the materials consumed by a too rapid growth of solid matter.

In the spring, therefore, we find the sap richly charged with sugar yet very fluid ; hence endosmosis is active, driving the

sap into the extremities of the branches, and developing the cellular tissues of leaves, flowers, wood, and bark.

Flowers and seed consume the materials of the plant without producing any, and therefore depend either on the leaves or on a reserved stock of nutriment for their support. The germs of seeds likewise have their stock of nutriment laid up in the form of starch and gluten in their cotyledons. This also is made available by degeneration, so that the rest of plants resembles that of seeds, which begin to decay before they begin to grow. The flowering of some plants very closely resembles the germination of seeds, since nearly the whole solid matter of the plant degenerates, after a period of rest, into sugar, and is thence developed into flowers and seeds; and the plant finally perishes. In perennial herbaceous plants, the nutriment is laid up in the roots, which sometimes develop tubers, as in the potato, containing the nutriment for the coming year; and in biennial plants, as the turnip, this nutriment is exhausted during the second year in the growth of flowers and seeds. All new generation, whether of the germ, the bud, or the flower, is preceded by rest and degeneration, so universal is the truth of the Apostle's words, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The exception of annual and endogenous plants to this rule is only apparent, for rest and degeneration with the formation of sugar take place in the sugar-cane, the Indian corn, and the grasses, just before the flowering, without, however, requiring a complete or long suspension of vitality.

So essential is this rest, that plants of temperate climates will not flourish in warmer regions and shorter winters; and artificial means are resorted to in conservatories to produce the rest required by some plants before flowering. Thus the cactus, after a severe artificial drought, revives and puts forth flowers.

The rest of plants is thus analogically opposed to the rest of animals, since the latter regenerates the tissues, while the



former degenerates them. The animal life, rising above the vegetable principle, co-operates with the lower chemical principle, and causes the animal tissues to degenerate more rapidly than when subject only to the processes of decay. The sleep of both animals and plants is, however, a suspension of the higher or governing principle of life, and a temporary supremacy of the lower, thus keeping a just equilibrium between them. In the plant, sleep is the cause of degeneration; in the animal, the effect. The death of animals is analogous to the sleep of plants, and as the chemical and animal principles are, in the life of an animal, both opposed to the vegetable principle, we may analogically infer that they may both survive its decay.

We have now seen that the winter's sleep of plants is not forced upon them, a sad necessity from an uncongenial world, but is rather a necessity of their own natures, and as important in general to their life as the daily rest is to the life of animals. But night also affects the plant. We have seen that the green contents of the leaves produce the nutriment of plants through the agency of the light and heat of the sun, so that, when these are withdrawn, the labor of the leaves is suspended. During the day the leaves exhale the oxygen which is separated by the sun and the vital forces of the tissues from the carbonic gas; now in the night-time this process is reversed, and carbonic gas is exhaled in small quantities. Flowers at all seasons exhale carbonic gas, sometimes with a perceptible increase of their temperature, like burning or decaying materials. Hence there is obviously in the leaves during the night, and in flowers at all seasons, a degeneration of tissues. Is this degeneration also, like that of the winter's rest, essential to the plant's economy?

Thus far we have explained the rest of plants upon chemical and mechanical principles; but if the vital formative force of organized beings has in any respect an independent existence, that is, if any of its special conditions are aught

but reflections from its organized product, then it may be directly as well as indirectly influenced by external conditions; so that sleep may be in some respects a phenomenon of a purely vital character. When, however, any fact of physiology, inexplicable by chemical and mechanical causes, is ascribed to the vital force, inquiry ceases at the threshold; since this unknown cause is now, for the first time, defined by the effect which it serves to explain. Experiments have shown that the directions of light and attraction affect the polarity of this vital force either directly or indirectly, and sometimes, as in the sensitive plant, this force is so effectively and rapidly modified by the presence or contact of foreign bodies, that it produces motions in the plant analogous to the muscular motions of animals. The twining of vines and tendrils around neighboring bodies is probably produced by similar, but less rapid, modifications of the formative forces of the plant. This modification is doubtless, in some cases, a simple suspension of the vital force, and may therefore be more properly regarded as a chemical or mechanical effect. Thus the leaves of some plants droop or are folded in the night, probably from the suspension of the endosmosis, or an inversion of the circulation, occasioned by a suspension of the evaporation, and the decomposition in the leaf of the materials of the sap, and a consequent diminution of its density. Leaves and flowers are doubtless unfolded by the endosmosis, and their folding would naturally follow from an inversion of it. This hypothetical flowing back of the sap and inversion of the endosmosis may effect the formation of the bud at the base of the leaf, and of other cellular tissue at the point of greatest endosmose pressure, where the sap is at rest; so that we may here see again degeneration and decay laying the foundations of new life.

Some flowers are closed in the night and some in the daytime; their rest seems therefore to have little reference to any general effect of light upon them, and indeed most flowers, like most leaves, are not affected externally by the alter-

nations of day and night. The petals of the flower act, moreover, at all times, like leaves in the night; but much more vigorously, and in some flowers during full bloom the exhalation of carbonic gas is very copious, attended with heat. Now our hypothesis in regard to the use of the sleep of leaves explains also the use of the petals. The rapid decomposition of their sap may produce an inversion of the endosmosis, and a concentration of the endosmose pressure on the essential organs of the flower, which stand in the same relation to the petals as the axillary bud to the leaf, and thus the petals may serve as a subsidiary circulatory system for supplying the wants of the stamens and pistils.

The sweet and volatile odoriferous secretions of the petals are doubtless products of the degeneration of the sap, since similar products are obtained by chemical processes, so that the whole life of the petal is analogically opposed to that of the leaf; and hence we may infer that the sleep of flowers is like that of animals, a regenerative condition of the tissues. In the leaf sleep is the cause of degeneration; in the flower, the effect. Thus at the summit of vegetable life we find foreshadowed the animal economy, not only in the mode of reproduction, but also in the processes of nutrition and sleep. In plants degeneration serves to transfer the life into new parts and new forms, while in animals the higher life subsists by the degeneration of the lower.

See, then, how admirably the alternations of summer and winter, day and night, are adapted to that alternation of growth and decay, which is the law, not only of the general life of the world, but also of its minuter processes. The subtle force of life converts its adversaries into ministers, binds the rigors of winter to the service of spring, and turns the frosts into flowers. It bursts from the decaying seed into luxuriant verdure, and rises from the withering drought into triumphant bloom.

The analogy with which the Apostle answers the sceptic's

objection rests, then, on a law as universal as life itself. The life of nature in its endless vicissitudes affirms with revelation that death is but a minister of life.

C. W.

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### THE TWO ARM-CHAIRS.

BY ANNA ATHERN.

THE two arm-chairs! There they were, near the stand of the auctioneer, side by side. Whether this close juxtaposition was accidental or intentional I know not, or whether any one but myself observed the contrast between them, I know not. But there they stood;—the one stately in its beautifully carved rosewood frame of Gothic pattern, and glowing in its rich covering of crimson plush, suggestive of dignified ease and luxurious repose, and magnificent surroundings;—the other in its faded, worn chintz covering, of a shape and size familiar to the days of our mothers and grandmothers; and with which few in this generation have not some kindly and cherished associations, either as the daily seat of some venerated relative, their own resting-place in weary invalid hours, or the spot where, curled up on its ample cushion by some sunny window, the magical pages of *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or the *Scottish Chiefs* were devoured with a zest unknown to the youthful readers of the present day, whose books are legion. Yet there they stood, as unlike as city belle and heiress and poor country cousin; and, oddly as they contrasted with each other, I, who knew their history, knew that they belonged to families in whose veins flowed kindred blood.

I dare not tell my readers how many moral lessons these silent chairs uttered to me, lest I should weary their patience; for I am one of those who find "sermons" in pine

and rosewood, plush and chintz, china and delf, paste and diamonds, and all the varied articles which crowd an auction-room. In fact, an auction-room is a favorite resort of mine, for there I read human nature in the motley crowd collected together to get a good bargain, as well as lessons from its inanimate furniture.

I am a retired physician, and in the course of a large practice among rich and poor have obtained the key to many tales of thrilling interest connected with auction sales. Among these none have interested my feelings more deeply than the history attached to these two arm-chairs, illustrating as it does some of the many phases of American life. Could they speak, how eloquently would they discourse of human pride and vanity, of the deceitfulness of riches, of the frailty of human nature, of the unsatisfied desires of the heart, and, too, of the blessings of faith, and hope, and love, of sacred family ties, of cheerful resignation, peaceful deaths, and the abiding support granted to those who rest secure on the Rock of Ages.

But to my story. My acquaintance with the chintz-covered chair commenced with my first practice as a physician, in the city. I am grateful to it as containing my first paying patient; and I owe it a still deeper debt for the holy and hallowed scenes I have witnessed in its presence, and for the good influence two at least of its occupants exercised over my life.

Mr. Lowe lived with his daughter, Mrs. Barton, in a retired street, in a small but neat and commodious dwelling, in the suburbs of B——. He was an old man, and had been for many years a sufferer from asthma, and occasionally his attacks were so violent that the first physician that could be found was called in. At that period my office was only a few doors from their house, and I was one morning hastily summoned to Mr. Lowe's relief, and eventually I became the family physician. When I entered the little back sitting-room, I found the old man in the chintz-covered arm-

chair gasping and struggling for breath, his head now reclining on his daughter's breast, now in the paroxysms of his agony thrown convulsively against the back or side of his seat, his whole frame agitated with the extremity of his sufferings. Two or three little children stood looking wonderingly and pityingly on, while one lovely golden-haired, blue-eyed little girl fondly stroked the thin, wrinkled hand, which grasped the nearest chair, saying, "Poor, poor grandpa!" I did what I could for the sufferer, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him partially relieved, and left the house with the promise of returning in half an hour. I did so, and found my patient sleeping in his arm-chair. He was a tall, spare man, with thin white hair, and prominent features, but a countenance of almost infantile innocence and purity, and an expression, even in his sleep, of the most patient submission I had ever seen. Mrs. Barton gave me a seat, the little girl already spoken of came to my side and looked up in my face with a sweet, winning glance of gratitude, and the youngest child tottered to my knees.

"My father has never obtained relief so speedily before, Doctor," said Mrs. Barton. "Can you not help him permanently?"

I turned to look at her, there was something so attractive in the tones of her voice. She was a small, fair-complexioned woman, quiet, gentle, and lady-like, and, to a chance observer, might have appeared deficient in character and energy. But I fancied even then that there were depths underneath that calm surface not always found in a more brilliant and demonstrative exterior. Intimate acquaintance consequent upon my attendance upon her father, and my interest in the whole family, confirmed the impression. A physician is often a sort of involuntary father confessor in the households where he visits professionally. In the very nature of things, he sees, whether he will or no, much of the undisguised character, and is able to penetrate the motive power which governs action in those under his charge, or



the anxious friends around them. Be his visit one to herald another soul's advent to earth, or to soothe and relieve the dying saint or sinner, to him is revealed much of the real life hidden from casual acquaintances, or even intimate friends. Those hours when his visits are most frequent, are hours when the heart's best qualities are tested; and alike watcher and watched appear in their real characters, sometimes beautiful in their Christian faith and unselfish love, sometimes saddening in their unholy passions and careless indifference. Thus have I been permitted, through my profession, an insight into the true character of many of my patients, and such knowledge has been blessed to my own improvement.

Mr. Lowe awoke in a few moments after I entered, and, smiling cheerfully, extended his hand to me, and expressed his gratitude for relief from suffering, adding, in reply to some pitying remark of mine, — "Yes, Sir, yes, — I suffer a great deal, but I also enjoy a great deal. My mind is clear and active for the most part; I enjoy the sports of my grandchildren, and I sometimes think God grants me visions of ineffable peace in compensation for my bodily sufferings. At least I have such, and I love to trace them to his hand."

And he spoke truth. I have seldom seen a clearer-headed thinker than that suffering old man, and his countenance bore witness to his serene, peaceful thoughts. Then, how his usually calm, placid face would light up with one of his beaming smiles, as he watched the frolics of the young flock brought up at his knees, as it were. How fearlessly and confidently the youngest would creep behind him into the corner of his chair, hiding from the others, or how in the same game he would cover another restless little head with the folds of his ample sick-gown, or how he would listen to all their idle prattle of matters of deep moment to them, and, when his voice would permit, tell them tales of that long, long ago, to them fabulous time, when he was a little boy. Then there were holier moments too, in which, relating some

Bible story, or listening to their childish hymns, he would strive in a few loving words to impress upon their susceptible young minds the great fact, that to be good and to do good was life's work here on earth.

One of the children, the golden-haired Alice, seemed never so happy as when at his side, or seated at his feet; and her grandfather's knee had from early infancy been her shrine of devotion. I never saw her kneeling there but once, and that was of course accidental; but I shall never forget the impression made upon me then. She in her night robe of spotless white, her fair head bowed upon his knee, he with a face of holy calm, uplifted to heaven, as if joining in her innocent supplications, and one hand lightly resting among her curls. It was a scene upon which an angel might have looked without a sigh, and it was a scene which gladdened and strengthened my heart, as I gazed and drank in the soothing and elevating influence of the hour. It was a holy bond, which united this old man of threescore and ten with this buoyant, beautiful child of scarce ten summers.

Five years from the date of my first visit at Mr. Barton's house, this good man slept in Jesus. Yes, slept in Jesus. I know not a more fitting expression to use in regard to one whose whole life was in accordance with the precepts of Him who spake as never man spake, and who trusted in him as Teacher, Master, and Saviour.

The evening after the funeral, I went quietly into Mrs. Barton's little sitting-room, where her father had passed so many years of his life, and found little Alice kneeling before the now empty arm-chair, and trying through her sobs to repeat her prayers.

"I told her she might," whispered Mrs. Barton; "she did love him very dearly."

After that night, the chair was removed into Mrs. Barton's bedroom; and the next holy purpose for which it was used was that of a temporary resting-place for the new-born infant, Mrs. Barton's youngest, little Anna.

Now there were seven children under the household roof, all intelligent, well-behaved, and promising, and the two eldest, Walter and Alice, of more than ordinary beauty and talent. These two children were unlike either of their parents, and were, in truth, noble specimens of nature's aristocracy, sometimes found in the humblest families. For Mrs. Barton, although in the truest sense of the word a lady, had none of those graces and attractions which had always distinguished the brother and sister. As for Mr. Barton, he was an industrious, hard-working, thriving mechanic, whose whole strength and energy appeared devoted to his business. He sustained a good moral character in the community, attended church regularly, and was a good husband and father so far as providing for the temporal wants of his family was concerned, and, having done this, appeared perfectly easy that his wife should attend to the spiritual wants of his children, if such they had. He was one of those men who never *seemed* to give a thought to anything beyond the narrow range of his business and home comforts. I say *seemed*,—for I hold it morally impossible that such can really be the case with any rational human being, created as we all are with longings at times so intense and unutterable for something beyond what earth can furnish. Of one thing, however, I am certain,—he never understood or fully appreciated his wife, or those qualities of her character at least which did not lie on the surface. He appreciated and enjoyed his cheerful, neat, orderly home, and his happy, good-mannered children; but of the patient kindness, the gentle firmness, the unselfish and untiring labor, the Christian love and faith, which produced these results, he knew little or nothing.

I have spoken of the uncommon beauty and gifts of Walter and Alice. Whether it is true that coming events "cast their shadows before," I cannot say; but this I know, that I never saw these two young people without a momentary feeling of sadness and oppression,—a feeling which,

when I attempted to analyze its source, I found proceeded from an almost indefinable premonition that their rare beauty and rich graces were only the premature unfolding of flowers doomed to early decay. And my heart proved a true prophet.

Five years after Mr. Lowe's peaceful death, the arm-chair was again brought into the family sitting-room, and this time its daily occupant was Walter Barton. Consumption, that fastidious spoiler, which so often marks for its victims the young, the lovely, the gifted, had set its seal of fatal beauty upon this young man's brow.

A slight cough, then gradual but ever-increasing weakness, with intervals, it is true, of comparative ease, and sometimes of apparent gain, but as deceitful as the receding wave, which, with every return, holds in closer and still closer embrace the doomed shore, the short breath, the deep hectic, the bright glow of the large, lustrous black eyes, — these were the symptoms which marked his decline. It was difficult even for me, well as I understood this insidious and alluring disease, to believe that Walter, whose mind was so active, whose spirits were so cheerful, was so near the last of earth! But the blow fell at length, and Mrs. Barton resigned her first-born without a murmur, yet with a countenance of deepest agony, to Him who gave; and I heard her murmur, in tones of submissive anguish, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Mother," he had said the day preceding his death, as he sat for the last time in the arm-chair, "I am ready and willing to go; God has given me peace and hope, and Jesus my Saviour calls." And again he repeated, "I am ready and willing, — yes, but for you and Alice, I long to go."

After Walter's death, there were great changes in the family before I was again called upon to serve in my professional capacity. Alice fulfilled the promise of her childhood, and grew up into one of those fair visions of loveliness and

grace, which it gladdens the coldest heart to gaze upon; and the next event of importance in the family was her betrothal and marriage. She had received the best advantages of education, and, as often happens, had formed friends among girls in a higher rank of life than her own. One of these friends had a brother, who was not slow in discovering Alice's attractions, and, in due time, succeeded in gaining her affections. Jealous for the happiness of my early favorite, I made strict inquiries respecting his character, but I could discover nothing definite to his disadvantage. But handsome, intelligent, wealthy, and agreeable as he undeniably was, I *felt* that he was no fit husband for the pure-hearted Alice.

Despite fears and misgivings, however, the wedding day came at last. They were to be married in church, and, as I did not care to witness the ceremony, I called in at her home a short time before the hour for the bridal. She came down to see me in her white muslin dress, as pure and spotless as her own guileless heart, and sat down for a moment in the arm-chair. Her dark blue eyes were lustrous, yet dewy, as if the mingled emotions of joy and sorrow which agitated her were almost too deep for her mastery.

"I came down to see you for one moment, Doctor," she said. "My mother, — she will need your kindness more than ever when I am gone. What a good friend you have been to us! — I —" here she started, for she was summoned to the door by one of her bridesmaids.

"You will not forget your little favorite, Alice," she continued hastily, adding, with a smile, "if she does live in a grand house like a princess in a fairy tale."

"No, child, *never*," was all I could say.

I am a grave man now, and my grandchildren sport at my knees, but I cannot think of her, as she looked that bridal morning, unmoved; and then — I am not ashamed to confess it — I could not find my way out of that room till I had wiped away the tears, which would come. And why? Why,

—is not the heart too often prophetic? As I said before, I felt that George Raymond was not worthy of Alice. An hour later, I called in for a few moments at her own elegant mansion, where she held her wedding reception. There she stood, leaning against the rosewood and crimson chair, looking as if no cloud of care could ever shadow her fair face, or sadden the loving, happy spirit which beamed through it.

Soon after Alice's marriage, her two brothers went to California, where the gold fever was then raging, and the diminished family pursued for some time the even tenor of their way. The little Anna died, taken suddenly with a violent attack of fever, which soon terminated fatally; no skill or love or prayers availing to save her. After her death Mrs. Barton paled and drooped very gradually. She had never been a very strong woman, and each of these inroads upon her family circle, whether made by death, marriage, or the love of adventure, had taken somewhat from her health and vigor. She said to me one day, for I continued to visit her professionally, although I had resigned most of my practice in favor of my son-in-law, "Doctor, my first and my latest born are gone before me, but I feel that my work on earth is well-nigh done. I shall rejoin them soon."

She lived, however, two years after Anna's death, and her two grandchildren, who with their mother visited her almost daily, cheered and enlivened many an otherwise lonely hour. There was a shadow now on Alice Raymond's fair brow, such as I hoped never to have seen there, and there were also vague, half-uttered rumors in circulation about her husband; but as her mother never went out except for a short drive, and saw little company, I hoped that they never reached her ears. True to her sense of duty, Mrs. Barton continued the oversight of her family affairs until within a week or two of her death, when I informed her husband that she was wholly unequal to such care, and that she must have a nurse. He seemed surprised, and said that he knew



his wife had been looking poorly for some time, but he did n't mind it much, as she was always weakly; and then added, he hoped the nurse would be a quiet, orderly woman. Finding he took the matter so coolly, I had no sympathy to waste upon him, and left him somewhat abruptly.

About ten days after this conversation she died. Her death was not a triumphant one. Meek and lowly in heart as became a follower of Jesus of Nazareth, she died as she had lived, peacefully and quietly, and few knew so well as I the wealth of holy affections and Christian graces which died from this world with her.

And the old arm-chair! Ah! when I think of all the scenes that have transpired in its inanimate presence, of the loved and honored forms it has held in its embrace, I cannot feel as if it were a senseless piece of furniture. To me it recalls the good old man, who so patiently and cheerfully bore his burden of life, and so happily breathed his last in it. It recalls the vision of sporting childhood, the gay laugh and merry shout of careless youth, and all the thousand nameless charms of that sweet, unconscious period of life's keen joys and undimmed hopes, — a vision, too, of kneeling infancy in its loving, trusting faith. It recalls him, —

“ the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,” —

and who was at once the father's pride, the mother's joy; — the fair young bride, radiant in her youthful loveliness, and the sweet hopes of her pure heart; — the devoted Christian mother, so quiet and unobtrusive, so little known outside her own home, and yet far more worthy of the world's homage than the possessor of the most brilliant gifts.

“ If I but remember only,  
Such as these have lived and died,”

I cannot but exclaim, “ O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” And as I remember these great privileges of my profession, to be allowed an insight into that inner life, which is denied to most, I think I am more than

compensated for my sufferings at the bedside of the worldly and impenitent.

I will not, however, weary my reader with reflections, but pass at once to the younger and more magnificent chair. Its history shall be brief, for I love not to dwell upon the circumstances connected with it.

After Alice was married, I visited at her luxurious home both as her physician and friend. Prosperity did not elate, magnificence did not dazzle her; she was the same gentle, pure-hearted being in her husband's elegant mansion, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth, that she had been under her father's humble roof. I saw her under the varying circumstances of delicate health, and in the full flush of her young matronly beauty. I saw her the dignified and graceful hostess, doing the honors of her home to the most intelligent and fashionable society in the city. And I saw her, too, in her pleasant nursery, watching over and ministering to her infants with all the tenderness of her loving heart. In each and all of these positions I saw that she was true to the precepts and example of her mother.

I often used to find her seated in the crimson arm-chair, which was soon after her marriage removed to the library,—a lofty apartment in the rear of the house opening into a beautiful conservatory,—where she passed many of her leisure hours, holding communion with the gifted of past and present time through the medium of their writings. But as I watched her narrowly with almost a father's interest, I was sure that this chair was not a haven of rest to her. I was sure that the prophetic warnings of my heart were correct. She was not happy, I knew; her high spirit—for she was high-spirited where mean and dishonorable actions were concerned—had been aroused, I was sure.

Gradually the vague rumors to which I have alluded took a definite form, and George Raymond was openly spoken of as a drunkard, as a gambler, and yet more,—as one vice yielded to is infallibly the parent of others,—it

was also said that he was unfaithful to his marriage vows. I had never deemed him capable of appreciating his wife's character, but I had always supposed that her charms of person and manner were sufficient to insure his truth to her. But alas! it was not so. And I now learned that vices once practised in secret, or, if known, glossed over with the palliation, "O, all young men are a little wild," were almost openly committed. Yet the world had called him a respectable character! a moral young man! a most desirable connection!

I remember, at the time of Alice's engagement, a fashionable worldly woman said to me, "A great match, Doctor, for Barton's daughter."

"A great match, madam, for Raymond's son," I answered.

"La, Doctor," was the reply, "you're so queer in your notions! you know what I mean. The girl is a nice girl, I dare say, and she is very pretty; but then you know there is *such* a difference in their rank in life, and young Raymond would be considered a good match for any young lady in the city."

"Very likely," I replied dryly; "I only hope he will prove worthy of Alice Barton."

"Prove worthy of Alice Barton!" repeated the lady, in a tone of offended dignity; "that's too good, I declare. Why, does n't he sustain a good reputation,—at least as far as one knows? I suppose that's what you allude to. I fancy it will not do to look behind the scenes at our fashionable young men. No, no, Doctor, we must take the world as it is, and men as they are, if we wish our daughters to be married, and maintain a position in society."

"A very poor method to amend the one and reform the others," I replied, breaking off the conference at this point.

I know not how many mothers in the community sympathize with this lady's sentiments, although, judging from marriages which are constantly occurring, I fear she represents a large class; but I do know that there are many and many parents in the land who hold to no such pernicious

maxims, and who desire for their children unions based upon the sure foundations of integrity, respectability, and purity. Mrs. Barton, good as she was, knew little of the world and its ways, and, in her simple faith in human nature, believed George Raymond to be all he was reputed.

Soon after these rumors about her husband became public, Alice's third child was born, and the mother did not regain her health and strength as she had previously done, and some alarming symptoms made their appearance, which induced me to fear that she would fall a victim to the same disease which had caused her brother's death. I say fear; for I thought of her little children motherless, — worse than fatherless. She rallied, however, temporarily, and there seemed a favorable change in her condition, and I think, had her mind been at ease, I could have saved her. But it was not so ordained by that tender and loving Father, who knoweth what is best for his children.

One day I had been delayed beyond my usual time for visiting Alice, and I went to see her after their dinner hour. A servant opening the door to go out admitted me without ringing, and I passed on to the library, where he told me I should find his mistress. As I entered the back drawing-room, I saw through the open door George Raymond pacing hurriedly back and forth in the library, and the casual glance I had at his countenance showed that he was the prey of conflicting emotions. His wife sat in the crimson chair, dressed in a loose white robe, her now almost daily invalid garment. I shall never forget the imploring agony of her gaze as she said, "Only say *that* is not true, George, — only say it, and poverty, all else, I will cheerfully bear."

He covered his face with his hands and groaned bitterly. A faint cry broke from Alice's lips, and she fell forward, as I supposed, fainting. Alas! when I raised her, her white dress was crimson as the chair upon which she sat, with her life-blood.

After a time the hemorrhage ceased, and she was carried to her own bed, from which she never rose.

But why prolong the sad, sad story. In two weeks she was in her grave, resting beside her mother, and her husband a ruined bankrupt, a wanderer in foreign lands. Something there was said of money obtained fraudulently, but this charge was never fully substantiated against him. His mother took home his orphan children, his house furniture and effects were sold at auction for the benefit of his creditors, and it was my knowledge of the latter fact that led me to the auction-room.

My astonishment at beholding the old arm-chair there also may be conceived. I afterwards learned that Mr. Barton and his two youngest sons had gone to California, and had sent their furniture to be sold at auction. Mrs. Barton's nurse in her last sickness told me, when I met her some time afterwards, that the elder sons had sent word home that the old arm-chair should be reserved and carefully stored; but that the father said it was a foolish whim of the boys, and too much trouble.

I have the chair; I bought it, and it stands in my own room with a pure white covering. I hope, if the young Bartons do not return to reclaim it, to spend my last days in it. I am sure it will ever bring to me holy and happy memories, and I shall, I trust, in its friendly support, catch some of the spirit of its former occupants.

The other,—I can only associate that with disappointed hopes, wasted affections, sighs of anguish, and deathly agonies. It was bought by a thriving young tradesman, who, with his wife, having caught the prevailing mania for fine furniture, took this at a bargain; "positively given away," the auctioneer said. With my tendency to moralize, and foresee great results from trivial causes, I fear this chair will prove a dear bargain to these young housekeepers, paving the way to many and many, and hitherto unthought of, or unwished for, luxuries or elegances.

Thus, reader, I have given you a most imperfect and meagre sketch of the two arm-chairs, and my interest in them.

## OLD AGE: THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG.

A SERMON BY REV. AUGUSTUS R. POPE.

JOB v. 26: — "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

THE illustration is very rich in suggestions. The various influences of nature have worked together to bring the harvest; and the now useless "shock" must yield up its life, and its beauty of form and appearance, because the ripened grain within it is fit for the garner. It "cometh" to the harvest only to be stripped off and cast aside to decay. It has done its work in forming a tenement for the ripening and undying life within; but it would only be cumbersome now.

It is a great thing so to live that, when the body's life shall come to the grave, the inner life — the soul's life exhibited in the character — shall have a "full age." There are, indeed, many things which are desirable, — honest wealth, with its ability to bless ourselves and others, — high station, with its opportunity to advance human interests, — intelligence, full health, physical strength, to add power to the will for usefulness. No sane man will undervalue one such instrumentality. But when we must resign them, it will be of more account than anything else to have a ripened life of our own.

The record states that Job died full of years; enjoying, as we should say, a literal fulfilment of the promise. But the number of persons who live to very old age is not large. Only a very few can be found, within the limits of a single town, who are fourscore years and upwards. Of nearly two hundred interments entered upon a single record in fourteen years, only four were of persons who had reached ninety years. And four fifths of all who arrive at maturity die before they have reached the Scripture limit of threescore years and ten.



So it seems that it is not the privilege,—if that is the right word to use,—on the one hand, of many to pass what, in years, would be called a long life upon earth, or, on the other, for those who have the pressure of life's work upon them to have with them, in great numbers, for company or for succor, those whose own work belonged to a former generation. And this thought raises two inquiries of a most profitable kind; the one touching ourselves, that we may ascertain how, without many years, we can have a "full age," and what provision we may now make for the infirmity and incapacity of that possible period of life called old age; and the other touching the aged, that we may better know how to treat these relics of bygone times, when they are found among us.

And the first point that strikes us is, that fulness, applied to life, must be a relative term. As the fruits of the earth arrive at maturity in different seasons, so may human life attain to maturity or completeness of character, with or without length of years. To every tree and shrub is assigned its season, the time of opening its first leaves, the days of its growth, and the period of its ripening. Its life is full at each stage, when it is answering to its law. If it be cut off by an untimely frost, in its opening, in its growth, or while its fruit is immature, the length of its continuance will not measure the fulness of its life.

And if the analogy indicated in the text will teach anything, it must teach that faithfulness to the season and to the opportunities is the measure of human life. An infant's life is full in its performance of its infantile part in the great drama to which it has been appointed. A child's life is full when the duties of childhood are recognized, accepted, and discharged. To youth belongs appropriate performance; to full maturity, even greater performance, guided by better judgment and higher convictions. To old age, the sturdy exertions which only full strength can endure, cannot reasonably belong; but, instead, some work as fitly apportioned

to the ability. So, also, disease and health have different conditions of duty; and physical or mental inability may blot out the demands which a solicitous life imposes upon itself.

Then a "full age" is a life filled with what belongs to it of duty and performance; filled with right purposes, true aspirations, and devout efforts, as it goes along. Its accidental measurement in days, or years, is of far less consequence than its condition. The life which has early and consistently accepted the claims of God upon itself, and felt the nature of its true destiny, and been devoutly consecrated to the Father's service, and is continually ordered in accordance with holy aspirations, is not a life concerning which duration can be a very material point. In other words, Christian faithfulness must form the highest type of human life; and to "have finished the work given him to do," is the proper fulfilment of an individual's office in the world.

Again, as long life is not necessary to a "full age," so it is not sure that many years will have produced this result. Whether long or short, the life must be well spent to be "rich towards God" at its close. That old age may seem like a ripened shock of corn, ready for the harvester's hand, it must not only have had a long continuance, but it must have been daily gathering up, in itself, the advantages which a faithful use of common experience will always contribute to the character. Old age is very scant which has not a filial trust towards God, a sincere devotion, a gentle submission, an earnest aspiration after reconciliation and unity, and a longing to be useful according to its strength; but these are all results of its world-life, if held at all.

In character, it is not possible to gain in old age the same symmetry which we can acquire in youth. The character, like the muscles, stiffens and hardens as it carries the burden of advancing years. It takes on the form which it must wear through the rest of life, "before the evil days come," and while the spirits are buoyant, and the life itself is

elastic. As you may often discern the traces of the employment of his youthful strength in the calloused hand or in the expanded or contracted shoulders of the old man, so you will find, in that same old man's inner life, the evidences of the manner in which he has labored morally. The graceful elm, the tall and stately pine, the well-set, symmetrical linden, bear the unmistakable evidence of favorable influences in the growth of other years.

In the prevailing temper of the life, this is very commonly illustrated. To bide well the trials and annoyances peculiar to the decay of strength and the conscious loss of vigor, takes a genial and gentle spirit. But how can this old age, with its hourly increasing infirmities, offer any fit opportunity to secure this? The strength upon which a man must depend, after the wasting hand of sickness is laid upon him, is the strength which is already stored away in the rounded muscles and full flesh of his healthy hours. So, also, the days of activity and energetic exertion must lay up that which will bear scrutiny, and give suitable moral efficiency when old age tries the force of the inner life. As these heavy years come on, it is only natural that he should lose his relish for all questionable enjoyments, and that worldly temptations should yield up their fascination. And so outward forms of debasement will probably cease. But it is not so with the temper. That is likely to be tried harder in old age than in the fresh days when cares and annoyances come and go as the unnoticed wind.

So the smiling interest of a man of fourscore years and ten in common affairs, his eagerness to promote every one's welfare and happiness, his constant gratification at every indication of good-will, and his reverent thankfulness for the mercies which have crowned his days, afford convincing proof that in younger years he cherished kind and generous feelings. One by one the graces of form and manner, the means of honorable exertion and usefulness, and the sources of gratification, have been passing away from his possession.

A great abatement must have taken place in the pleasurable emotions to be drawn from external objects. And it is not capable of question, that he must have been very faithful in dispensing good-will around him, and so in getting satisfaction out of the world, who has, at last, so little that is bitter or captious, and so much that is agreeable and gratifying, to others.

It may have happened, in his own generation, that he was judged very differently by his contemporaries. In the conflicts of life, other qualities necessarily had the ascendancy. But a noble, kind, generous, confiding old age, full of tender solicitude for human comfort, most of all anxious lest its infirmities should be exacting in attention, — I have no idea that any one can have such an old age, and be selfish and ungracious, censorious and distrustful, through the years preceding.

There is a great deal more which might well be said, following the same thought into other illustrations. The conclusion of all is, that a "full age" is a life dedicated to the discharge of every obligation, accepting all and neglecting none; and that it is such a life, and only such a life, commenced in youth and continued through the period of resolute performance, which will bring the radiance of joy to the setting sun of an old man's day.

And now, what shall we say about the other point? The aged always belong to a former generation. Their modes of life, their raiment, their very "speech, bewrayeth them," that the best of their days were a contribution to that age. They stand, here and there, in society, like the tall trees of an earlier forest, left by the forester's axe, among the fresh young growth around them, as landmarks. They speak to us of their dead companions, by the mute appeal of their presence. If they are of our kindred, — our ancestors in life, — they are dear by ties of affection; and if not of our kindred, they remind us of those who were, but have long since passed away, to make room for us in the busy world.

The patriarch is almost an alien among us. He has come to be a stranger in his own village, where, perhaps, he built the first house, and laid the first stone, of an undertaking crowned with life and enterprise. Those whose boyhood seems to him of yesterday, have crowded his life away from the thoroughfares of exertion. His old house, which he built so long ago on the public highway, is now left, by other avenues opened for thrift or pleasure, far away from all direct intercourse with the world; and it is just a type of his very life. Moreover, his tottering step, his inaptitude for all the labors of this world, tell us of a completed life, and whither he is rapidly tending. If the taper flicker a while in its socket, it will yet soon go out. The old man will quickly be "gathered to his fathers." His bones will rest among the cherished friends and companions of other days. He will "come to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

Can there be any question how this generation should treat one of the last? how youth and manhood should treat old age? Unhappily, due regard for age, as such, is not always an inborn grace. There are influences which sometimes close up the heart against its claims. When an old man's face is full of smiles, and his presence sheds continual joy around him, when a life so advanced in years is as rich in pleasant memories, then it is no task to perform the necessary offices of good-will. But a claim for like attention to a garrulous, complaining, peevish, fractious, and exacting old man or woman, is not so easily met with consideration. Yet it is, perhaps, one of the forms in which the disability of old age is strikingly manifested, to be incorrect in estimates of its own ability; and it is, therefore, a common form of the weakness of advancing years, to have unlimited self-confidence, and to be resolutely forthputting. But this increases the duty to do what we can, by humoring the peculiarities of age, and meeting kindly its imperious demands, and bearing quietly its ill-timed complaints, to make it comfortable,—at least to itself.

The old man's way is always rough enough for his feebleness. Look at him, scarcely able to lift his heavy foot from the ground, creeping along in imminent peril of falling, and stumbling over a tuft of grass! His way through the world of affection and interest is no less difficult and uncertain. His heart's strength and courage are all gone. Once he had troops of friends and companions in life; now he is alone! Perhaps he forgot to pick up the graces and charities of life as he came along; and his querulous aspect and peevish discontent and annoying irritability are the witnesses to his poverty in this respect. But—shall this need to be said?—treat him with consideration, gentleness, good-will at least, nevertheless. He has become a second time a child! in his need of succor, and the thousand nameless attentions, he is again one of the "little ones," to whom a cup of cold water only in the name of Christ—the synonyme for holy charity—is an offering acceptable in heaven. A gentle act of unobtrusive kindness will lighten the heavy load he carries; and such acts are better for one's self, and before God, than many tears of sorrow shed upon his bier when he is gone.

The pertinency of these thoughts to all of us will not be questioned; but in such counsels there is something so appropriate to early youth, that I am disposed to make an especial appeal to the young.

Recently, a very old man\* closed his life in this vicinity. He was more than ninety-one years of age. It is remarkable that he was born and lived all his long life within sight of his last home. His memory ran back over eighty-five years with perfect accuracy. He remembered when these hills, in the vicinity of Boston, were occupied by the army of the Revolution, and the sharp conflicts of those days in this neighborhood. And it was a great pleasure to this old man to give pleasure to others by narrating the interesting stories of a past period.

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\* Captain Joseph Miller died in Somerville, February 5, 1857, aged ninety-one years and two months.



What enables an old man to contribute enjoyment, even to his own weariness, to boys and girls seventy-five or eighty years younger than himself? His own happy spirit. He had taken care to secure in younger years, by gentleness and kindness and integrity, and to bring with him to old age, in a spirit of devout reliance upon God, a generous love; and that is one of the things which never grow old. If you will do your duty to God and man, and be kind and generous to your mates now, you will have a "full age"; and an old age, if you retain your faculties and your health, will be quite sure to find you a source of blessing and joy to the generation which will have come after you, simply because you will have the sunshine of a good life beaming out of your characters.

Before many years have passed, if you live, there will be those around you who will think of you just as you now think of others older than yourselves. How shall you wish to be treated then? Of course, when you become aged and infirm, you will ask that every one shall make your path plain and straight, and speak respectfully to you, and, if necessary, bear with your faults. Learn from this how to treat the aged now. A very little girl, only a few days ago, made an old man very happy by carrying to him a few flowers, plucked from her plants. And kind words are quite as pleasant as flowers. Every one can give these to every old person.

Sometimes, children forget their duty to the aged, and attempt to make sport of them, by ridiculing their manners, or their raiment, or their old-fashioned speech. This is very wrong. If you will imagine how you would feel to find your own father or mother treated thus, you will easily understand what your conduct ought to be; for every such person who comes tremblingly along the street, or pushes his way slowly and awkwardly into the room, may have a son or daughter, to whom he is as dear as your father is to you. It will be well to remember this.

Here are two lessons at this time for the young.

1. To have a happy old age, you must have a good youth. Habits of thought, speech, and action, now formed, may be covered over by years of active labor; but they will be likely to show themselves again when you are old. Just as the old man remembers the scenes of his boyhood better than he remembers more recent matters, so the first-formed character will be most likely to show itself in the last years of life. When your trembling limbs will not support your weak frame without a cane, then your life must also lean upon something other than its performance at that time; and blessed will be the life, if the thoughts can enrich it by recalling good, noble, generous, and faithful young years!

2. Shall I repeat the second lesson? Be ever respectful to your elders, and treat old age with especial consideration. Give the old man plenty of room, if you happen to meet him on the sidewalk; and the smoothest portion of the walk, if there is any difference. If you overtake him, as young feet often may, never brush carelessly by him, for a slight blow may throw him down, or disturb his mind by the apprehension of danger. If he drop his cane when you are by, let your hand be prompt to restore it again to his. If the way be slippery, or the hill steep, ask him if your fresh limbs may not aid his feebleness, and let him save a part of his weariness by your aid. Does he carry a bundle in his hand, it will look far better for both of you if you relieve him of his burden.

Above all, never ridicule an old man, or allow others to do so, with your approval, in your presence. You will look quite as strangely, and so will your thoughtless companion, who finds sport in such ways, after as long a journey through the world. If you cannot respect the poor wayfarer, dusty and ragged and weary, be considerate to his infirmity, generous to his faults, supposed or real, forgetful of his mistakes, regardless of his unfashionable raiment, and attentive to his

wants. The Bible says that the strength of fourscore years is "labor and sorrow." Endeavor, therefore, to make every old person's last days pleasanter and more peaceful. And the unuttered blessing of the aged will rest upon you; and your generous, Christian conduct to others will reflect peace and happiness upon your own life.

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COLE'S "VOYAGE OF LIFE."

WE would recommend this series of engravings, a pictured allegory of human life, to all families, as an aid to the purest and highest culture; to all teachers, as an auxiliary in their great work, speaking wise lessons from the walls of their school-rooms; and to all ministers, as a help to give vividness and point to their sermons.

The beautiful Arts have rendered important service to religion. Many of the finest paintings are upon religious subjects; and music, statuary, and architecture have laid rich gifts upon the sacred altars.

In this country we have not availed ourselves of the aid which these arts can render. Our forms and services of devotion have been severely simple, and sometimes naked and uncomely. The reasons are obvious. Three centuries ago, the Christian Church presented a melancholy spectacle; its life was almost extinct. The form, the circumstance, had been magnified, until the essence, the principle, was buried. Men talked admiringly about the dim, religious light, the long-drawn aisle, the lofty arch, the music that swelled and rolled its tide of harmony through gorgeous cathedrals. The outward glory, the imposing form, the stately service, absorbed the attention. The soul was neglected; the great God was hardly thought of. Such was the Romish Church at the time of the Reformation.

Our Puritan forefathers and William Penn could not abide this outside show and pompous ceremonial. They *felt* the presence of God, and the realities of the spiritual world stood open to them. They cared not for pictures, statues, music; everything outward was an encumbrance; indeed, in these Fine Arts they thought they saw the wiles of Satan to destroy the Church of Christ; and so they would clothe the Church in severest simplicity. A beautiful edifice for worship, an organ, a statue, a picture, — all were declared profane, cunning tricks of the arch adversary. The history of the Roman and English Churches explains their feeling and conduct, — disgusted by one extreme, they rushed into the opposite; for fear of a body without a soul, they sought to have the soul of religion without a body. Because architecture, music, painting, statuary, had been misused by a corrupt hierarchy, they would not use them at all.

And indeed, when we think of the monk Tetzels retailing indulgences to raise money for Leo the Tenth to lavish upon St. Peter's, what wonder is it, that, a century later, we find men worshipping in a Puritan meeting-house? Reforms of great abuse seldom come without exaggeration. Our fathers did as well as they could. All honor to their fidelity. But we may accept some things which they rejected. We have learned that a fine church, that is paid for, and does not make worship too expensive for the poor to participate in it, aids the devout sentiment. A grand oratorio raises the soul towards God. Any church might have in it Thorwaldsen's statues of Christ and his Apostles without putting the worshippers in jeopardy of idolatry; pictures of the scenes of the New Testament, executed in the highest art, become most effective preachers, and pictures of fine moral significance, like these of the *Voyage of Life*, may bring to the pulpit rich suggestions of thought and imagery.

The Fine Arts do more than we think to refine and en-

noble our home life. Pictures and statues of purity and grace plead like angels against the coarseness and sensualism that often shelter themselves in the retreats of domestic life. Self-sacrifice, faith, and holy love, when in fitting forms they come and look upon us in our leisure hours, and blend with our musing, and glide into our hearts, help greatly to mould our character into their own likeness.

The young especially are open to these purifying, quickening influences of art. Significant pictures are an important part of the furniture of a school-room. In an advertisement of the "Spingler Institute," a seminary for young ladies in New York city, emphasis is laid upon culture in the Fine Arts; and we are pleased to learn that in that institution they have the originals of Cole's "Voyage of Life," and fine copies of Raphael's "Transfiguration," "Madonna di Foligno," and "Madonna della Seggiola"; Guido's "Annunciation" and "Aurora"; Carlo Maratti's "Annunciation"; Murillo's "Madonna"; and Domenichino's "Sibyl." This is well; and we trust other schools will follow so good an example. The walls, even of our public schools, with small expense, might be made beautiful, and morally significant. Let scenes of noble virtue and lofty piety be opened to the eye of youth, and they may become the seed of a precious harvest.

Cole's "Voyage of Life" comprises four pictures,—Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. The best judges have declared its great merits. The artist, Thomas Cole, now deceased, had his home amidst the beauty and grandeur of the Hudson River and the Catskills. His studio was on the mountain; and we hear of its being kept, by love that mourns his departure, just as he left it. He was a man of genius,—a most interesting and noble character. His soul was deep, and full of poetic sentiment, moral enthusiasm, and religious feeling.

Mr. Cole painted the "Voyage of Life" in 1840. Not

long afterward he went to Rome, and while there he painted a duplicate, or a copy. When the last picture was nearly complete, an American then at Rome invited Thorwaldsen to go and see the pictures; and he has given us a description of the aged sculptor's visit. "The moment that he entered the room, I could see by the lighting up of his clear blue eye that he felt himself at home; and before Cole could do anything more than name the subject of the series, he took up the interpretation himself, and read the story off from the canvas, with a readiness that made Cole's eyes moisten with delight. When he came to the last, he paused and gazed; then returned to the first, passed slowly before them all, and, coming back to the last again, stood before it for a long while without uttering a word. It seemed to me as if he felt that he too had reached that silent sea, and was comparing the recollections of his own eventful career with the story of that old man and his shattered bark. And to this day I can never look upon that picture without fancying that I still see Thorwaldsen standing before it, with his gray locks falling over his shoulders, like those of the old man in the boat, and his serene features composed to deep and solemn meditation. It was the old man in Young, walking 'thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore of the vast ocean he must sail full soon.' When at last he spoke, it was in the strongest terms of gratification; and often, as we used to meet during those last two years of his life in Rome, he never forgot to inquire after Cole; always ending with, — 'GREAT ARTIST! GREAT ARTIST!'"

And finally, writes this accomplished American, "I might add many names of artists, and judges of Art, but what name could add to the approval of Thorwaldsen?"

The originals of the "Voyage of Life," after several transfers, were purchased by the Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, Principal of the "Spingler Institute," in New York city, for ten thousand dollars. Mr. Abbott is a munificent patron of Art; and desirous to multiply the influence of these pictures, at



great pains and expense, he had them engraved, in the highest style of art, by James Smillie of New York.

These engravings have elicited the highest praise from the best judges of Art, at home and abroad. We are happy to be able to copy a letter of Sir Charles L. Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy of London, to Mr. Abbott.

"Royal Academy, London, 19th July, 1856.

"SIR:—The four engravings of Mr. James Smillie after Cole's 'Voyage of Life,' which you have presented to the Royal Academy of London, have been presented by Mr. Jasper F. Cropsey to the Secretary of the Academy.

"A present of any kind, accompanied by a letter such as yours, expressing enlightened and liberal views, could not but be thankfully and cordially received; but in this case, the intrinsic worth of the gift, and the remarkable circumstances connected with the work, prompt me to add my sincere congratulations. These productions are, unquestionably, in the highest degree honorable to your country.

"I have read the pamphlet which you have kindly sent. I honestly partake the sentiments of admiration which I find there expressed, with regard to Mr. Cole's grand and pure conceptions of his subject; and I do not remember to have seen any descriptions which, in a more concise, unaffected, and touching manner, enable the spectator to raise his thoughts to the comprehension of the corresponding representations.

"Many have evidently co-operated in giving full effect to the influence of these noble works, but I feel it is but a just tribute to yourself, to acknowledge the earnestness with which you have especially sought to render that influence extensive and permanent.

"I beg leave, on the part of the members of the Royal Academy of London, and on my own, to repeat to you our best thanks for the highly valued gift, which you have had the goodness to transmit to the Royal Academy."

Having given these historical sketches, we propose to speak of the pictures, especially to those who have not seen them, or who have not given them much attention, and follow out some of their pregnant suggestions.

We turn to "Childhood," the first picture of the series. A scene of tranquil beauty is spread before the eye. From a dark cavern, beneath a mountain covered with deep shadows, issues the stream of human life; and as it flows on, the quiet waters are unbosomed in a lovely morning landscape; graceful shores, sunny slopes, verdure jewelled with flowers, are the setting of the central figure,—a gleeful child. It is borne in a little bark, winged with the hours, and with the hour-glass for its figure-head. The bark glides upon the waters like a thing of life. It is full of flowers, and the child is gayly tossing them, its face beaming with innocent gladness; while a radiant angel, its guardian spirit, bending over it with a look of tender care, holds the helm of the boat, and directs its course. Everything is emblematic, and is done with rare taste and skill. Each object has its story to tell. The Egyptian lotus is seen along the shores of the stream: it is the emblem of human life.

The river flows along in a narrow defile, hemmed in by the mountains, indicating the narrow range of childhood's perceptions and ideas. The onward way is disclosed only for a short distance; and behind is the dark cavern, beneath the dim, shadowy mountain, showing how this human life grows out of mystery which none can penetrate. But the little child is troubled by no mystery that lies behind it, nor by want of knowledge concerning what is before; it lives content in the present; and the whole figure and face of the child show this; it is an impersonation of joyousness and wonder; the fresh morning beauty touches its soul; and the winged hours, wrought into the very structure of the boat, bear it on upon its opening voyage. And then that most significant figure, the guardian spirit, brings the supernatural element into the picture, and raises the whole to the plane of religious thought and sentiment. That radiant angel, in his very presence there with the little child, tells us of God and providence. His look of tender concern, as he bends over his beautiful charge, says to us, "Like as a

father pities his children, so does the Lord care for his little ones. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth, and for ever. Blessed are these little ones; their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." And this bright spirit holds the helm of the little boat; so it seems fitting, that the child should have no care;—it plays among the flowers, while the mighty works of God in the great universe are gradually opening to its wondering soul.

What food for meditation in this fine conception of childhood! The artist believed with Wordsworth, whose poetry has much religion in it, that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"; and admirably the picture illustrates the beautiful fact. The heavenly guardian is there at hand; the child is yet held in celestial watch and care, and nothing but innocence beams forth in its joyous, wondering look. It is such a little child as Jesus placed in the midst of his contending disciples, when he said to them, that, except they became like that little child, they could in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven. It is like that group of little ones, upon whose heads the Saviour laid his hands, and blessed them, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

We claim not that childhood is perfection; Christ did not mean this. Indeed, childhood is only in part born; it is ignorant, frail, weak; it must be born again. But it is innocent, it has tendencies towards good, to love rather than to hate, to obey rather than to disobey, to tell the truth rather than to lie; but it is weak, liable to temptation from *without*, and to the force of appetite and temper *within*,—it needs nurture, education, development. And so contagious is sin, that sweeps its floods through our life, and so great is the child's liability and weakness, that, even before "it reaches its age of discretion, it will be touched, soiled, corrupted, more or less, and may need a deep, radical change. Parents must watch to save their little children from exposure to sin; and with prayer and assiduity implant good principles, and

cherish right sentiments; teach them to govern passion, and form character, so that they can stand on their own feet, discern evil and abhor it, and cleave to the good. That radiant angel, that watches over the infant child, and steers its boat of life, is the impersonation of a heaven-appointed care. God provides a guardian spirit for every little child, in the instinctive love of its parents; we cannot tell all the Father does for his little ones,—invisible hosts of angels *may* watch over them; but sure we are, that in the *parental love* he sends a guardian to infancy, and a guide to childhood. O, let parents think how God puts infancy into their arms; appoints them its guardian spirits; and by prayer and holy endeavor, let them magnify their high office, and be fellow-laborers with God, and his angels, for the safety of their children! Were they without good qualities, we might despair; were they safely kept by heavenly watch and ward, we might rest in easy hopefulness. We must neither despair, nor hope too confidently. Each little child is a voyager on life's dangerous sea; fog and storm, darkness and tempest, are to be passed through, and it needs to be shown how to guide and trim its boat, that it may come to the haven of rest at last.

G. W. H.

(To be continued.)

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### A PLEA FOR BOTANY.\*

WE welcome every work that tends to make the study of Nature, in any of its forms, more easy or more attractive. Not that anything worthy of the name of study can be made

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\* 1. *Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States.* Revised Edition. By ASA GRAY, Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Ivison & Phinney, and G. P. Putnam & Co.

2. *First Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology.* By ASA GRAY, etc.

essentially easy, or that our upward progress towards science will not always be "laborious indeed at the first ascent." This labor is as inevitable as it is healthful to the faculties; but because climbing is hard at best, let us be grateful to those who lend us a staff and point out the smoothest way. Botany has usually been presented to beginners in a hard and repulsive form. The old manuals for schools contained very meagre and dry lessons on the physiology and structure of plants, and no illustrations by engravings; and the instructor who would make the study interesting to his pupils, had to teach without a text-book.

Dr. Gray, in giving us these "First Lessons in Botany," with Sprague's admirable illustrations, leaves nothing to be desired by the teacher. The elements of physiological and systematic botany are presented with simplicity and fulness, and while no essential principle or inference is omitted, there is a margin left, in each lesson, for such enlargement, explanation, and illustration, as every teacher of Natural History must desire to give.

Those who are already familiar with the earlier edition of the "Manual" — and it has been the botanist's *vade-mecum* since its first appearance — will rejoice that, in this new and remodelled one, the limits of the Flora are enlarged, as far as Virginia and Kentucky on the South, and to the Mississippi River on the West. This edition, intended especially for schools, is abridged only by the omission of the Mosses and Liverworts, giving the Ferns and Club-mosses, with plates, from the exquisite drawings of Mr. Sprague, to illustrate them. It is unnecessary to speak in detail of the judicious changes that have been made to adapt it to the use of classes. These helps to beginners will be appreciated by all who have learned by experience how many and great are the difficulties that beset the young botanical student.

This Flora is arranged according to the natural system. Persons beginning the study of systematic botany are often so eager to learn the names of the plants they find, that they

spend a great deal of time in merely hunting them out by the artificial method, as they would find words in a dictionary. These names are very soon forgotten, as the definitions of words would be, if we learned them by rote, without using them. If the student would have patience to find out the names of a few plants only, at first, by the natural system,—the discovery of its name by this method necessarily involving a thorough study of the plant itself,—he would lay the foundation of a knowledge of the distinguishing marks of the families of the vegetable world, that would facilitate his future labors, and fix the very names themselves in his memory, by associating so many characteristics with them.

It is strange that Natural History is generally thought to be an unsuitable study for children. Botany, especially, is supposed to be, even in its simplest elements, quite beyond the capacity of a child, and is reserved for a time when, mathematics, languages, physics, and metaphysics having been properly stowed away in their places, if a corner be left, it is allowed (rather ungraciously too) to creep in. But what a mistake! The child who draws a pin through and through a dandelion stem, and puts it in water, to see into what pretty ringlets it turns,—or splits a box leaf and wonders to see the lower half, pale and dry, separate so easily from the dark, shining upper side,—or gathers the little balls under a sycamore-tree, and patiently picks off the tiny brown net-purse, that he thinks is just the thing for the fairies,—and then carries these treasures to his mother for her sympathy in his pleasure and aid to his ignorance,—asks for his first lessons in botany, as significantly as he ever asks for anything. If his curiosity is treated as his hunger would be, he begins to learn natural history in the natural way, and from that time goes on learning, the field expanding as his faculties expand. And how can he learn so well those lessons of reverence for Almighty Power, and trust in Almighty Love, which can be learned so early in life, as in the very



way they were taught by the Great Teacher, when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field." As systematic instruction is afforded when the proper time comes for it, he certainly will not be so much puzzled by the principles of vegetable physiology as by the principles of grammar, which are not now supposed to be too hard for those who have mastered reading, spelling, and the multiplication-table; and meantime his perception and imagination, the wings of the young spirit, are not tied up or clipped, but suffered to grow, and to bear him into pure air and clear sunshine. It will not be the only, or even the greatest, advantage of these early lessons, that, when he is old enough for the philosophy of natural history, he has a store of facts and observations ready for use; for his powers of discrimination and analysis will have been constantly enlarged by the best exercise.

Is every one, then, to become an accomplished botanist? No more, certainly, than every one is to become an accomplished artist, or historian, or adept in physics. But it is considered desirable that every one should have some skill in drawing;—it is presumed, as a matter of course, that every one knows who Leonidas was, who were the contemporaries of Queen Elizabeth, and what happened in the reign of Isabella the Catholic;—and if every one does not understand the steam-engine, or the laws of optics, it is not the fault of the schoolmaster.

"The child who doth not these things know,  
Must yet be called a dunce";—

but men and women may show the most entire ignorance of botany, and not only not be ashamed, but thank God for their ignorance.

"I am very fond of flowers, but I know nothing of botany," is often uttered, with a modest consciousness of virtue in the announcement. "I wish my daughter to be well instructed in all *useful knowledge*," says one parent, "but do not let her spend her time upon botany, embroidery, phrenology, and things of that sort." "Botany is very useful to the

physician," says another, "but it would be a great waste of time for my boy, whom I intend to educate for the bar." It is not necessary, at the present time, to prove the practical, every-day utility of any branch of knowledge, in order to demonstrate its true usefulness; but if it were, botany might be shown to be as good a handmaid in the work of life as geometry, and no one says that civil engineers are the only persons who can make that science useful.

Let us rise to a higher plane, and admit that the study of nature is purifying and ennobling, if we will let it have its perfect work on our souls. Anything that God has made and endowed with life, however low we may consider it in the scale of being, is worth our examination. It is our own fault if we do not draw nearer to God, if the natural and the spiritual worlds do not become more united in our comprehension, when, feeling that one Supreme Being is the light and the life of both, and remembering that he is our Father, we look with humility and earnestness into the mysteries of vegetable structure and growth. We see but in part, and understand but in part; but the more we examine, the more we wonder, adore, and love. A human being has been deprived of a part of his spiritual birthright, if he has been shut out from the study of the vegetable world.

The means of pursuing this delightful study are about us, in all places, and at all seasons. A city life is the least favorable to it; but there are trees and grass, even in the poorest city, and herbs and fruits and roots in the market; and every tree — unless the scraping and whitewashing have been carried farther than any Vandal has yet done, to our knowledge — has lichens and fungi enough on its trunk and branches to occupy many a profitable hour, and to reward us, by their elegant forms and delicate coloring, for our trouble in procuring them. In winter, the student has the curious phenomenon of suspended action, almost of suspended life, in trees; the singular wrapping up of buds for their long slumber; as many evergreen plants as he chooses

to hunt after for examination ; and always and everywhere, fruits and seeds. But at the seasons most inviting to the botanist, and in places best suited to his pursuit, how charming, how infinitely varied, is the scene of his study and labor ! He may well say :

"Beauty, a living presence of the earth,  
Pitches her tent before me as I move,  
An hourly neighbor."

People are frightened away from botany, sometimes, on account of its hard words and long names. They imagine that, if they once become tinctured with botanical lore, they shall never speak of a buttercup again, but call it *Ranunculus bulbosus*. An old Scotch gardener, who has been long dead, who brought many a rare shrub and tree to our early home, used to rattle off his "Linnæan names," as he called them, with great satisfaction. If you had seen a button-bush, in a swamp, and asked him what it was, he would have said, as if he had been introducing Miss Skeggs, "*Cephalanthus occidentalis*," adding, in a lower tone, "*Tetrandria*, *Monogynia*." But botanists are not more fond of hard names than the votaries of any other branch of Natural History. In the arrangement of any class of organized beings into genera and species, each one must have two names, the generic or substantive, and the specific or adjective, and of course these names must be cast into Latin forms, that they may be understood by all students of science, whatever their vernacular tongue. If a plant be common enough to have a common English name, no botanist would think of using any other in his usual talk about flowers, especially if it were pretty, and consecrated by poetry ; but those persons who express an unfailing dislike to Latin names may not, perhaps, after all, when they come to compare them, prefer *Pinkster-flower* to *Azalea*, *Calico-bush* or *Spoon-wood* to *Kalmia*, *Stagger-bush* to *Andromeda*, *Hardhack* to *Spiræa*, or *Hobble-bush* to *Viburnum*. If we remember that more than two thousand generic, and ten times as many specific names,

either commemorative, characteristic, or fanciful, have been given to plants, we shall not wonder that botanists have now and then been driven to apply such names as *Tetragonotheca*, *Sclerolepis*, and *Kosteletzkya*, to innocent and unresisting plants; but rather solace ourselves by recollecting the many beautiful systematic names that have been given, — from some natural character of the plant or flower, such as *Aster*, *Caltha*, *Epigæa*, and *Anemone*, — from proper names, such as *Camellia*, *Robinia*, and *Magnolia*, — or from poetical association, such as *Amaryllis*, *Daphne*, and *Arethusa*. The gardener's custom of giving the whole name, has given rise to a singular inaccuracy in our common New England appellation of a favorite exotic. When the *Camellia* was yet comparatively rare, before exotics were raised much for sale in the neighborhood of Boston, it is probable that the secondary name *Japonica* was always added by the proud florist, on exhibiting its beautiful blossom, and, being the last to strike the ear, was remembered better than the generic name. So that an adjective term (*Japanese*), applied to a vast number of plants, as freely as *Sinensis* (*Chinese*), or *Canadensis* (*Canadian*), is constantly used among us to designate the *Camellia*. It is as if our *Cornus Canadensis* were to be called *the Canadensis*. The most amusing part of the mistake is, that one often hears the question asked, concerning some other Japanese plant, having no affinity whatever with the *Camellia*, "Is this really a *Japonica*?" Linnæus, who introduced new principles of nomenclature, and really did so much to abbreviate and simplify the systematic names of plants, is supposed by some persons to have invented all the long, hard names that are used to designate them. If they had lived before his time, they might have been obliged to call a plant *MONOLASIOCALENOMENOPHYLLORUM*, if they called it anything, and they may thank Linnæus more than any one else, that the day of such a terminology has passed away.

Botany should go hand in hand with Art. To delineate

truly the forms of vegetation, without a careful study of their varied characteristics, both essential and adventitious, is as impossible as it is to draw the human figure correctly without having studied anatomy. The artist will neither make his anatomy nor his botany so conspicuous, that a lecturer could demonstrate the shape and number of the muscles from his figures, or use his vines and mosses in place of botanical specimens; but he ought to understand the parts before he delineates the whole, and realize before he begins to idealize. Let no one say that the poet and the artist are in danger of losing their appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in the great features of nature, by giving attention to its minute details. This is one of the slings and arrows of outrageous ignorance, that Natural History has had to bear. But though no such terrible irreverence is probably intended by those who utter such sayings, they really amount to this: that we shall not enlarge our own finite capacity by humbly tracing the finger of God in his works; that infinite wisdom is not manifested in the plan, nor does infinite beauty follow the execution, of the details of animal and vegetable life; that He who laid the foundations of the earth, and built the everlasting hills, has not so clothed the grass of the field as to make the study of it worthy of the best powers of man.

The twenty-fourth day of this present Month of Flowers\* will bring the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birthday of Linnæus. His pure and elevated character, his brilliant genius, and his life devoted to science, make his memory dear to all lovers of Natural History. The lovely Linnæa, dedicated to him by Gronovius, will have just begun to open its fragrant bells, and the delicate *Trientalis*—which is said to have been a favorite of his, because it was the first, and for a time the only, plant he found to place in

\* In spite of the east winds, that make the New England spring anything but "ethereal mildness," our woods are so full of flowers in May, that it well merits its Indian name, "*The Flower-moon*."

the seventh class of his system — will spangle the ground in our woods with its pure white stars. The Linden, from which his family name was taken, will scent the air with its honey-sweet blossoms; and so, at least, his birthday shall be celebrated. Let us gather a wild-flower on that day, and devote it, in our hearts, to his memory. Those who sometimes venture into cold, wet bogs, or the treacherous margins of ponds, "with reeking sandal and superfluous gun," or, perchance, a not-superfluous fishing-rod, for the sake of game, will perhaps on this day take the same trouble to find the beautiful Water Andromeda, and think of the moment when, alone in the Lapland desert, within the Arctic Circle, by the light of the midnight sun, Linnæus discovered this delicate flower, and expressed the poetic thoughts that filled his mind, by naming it *Andromeda*. Let us, at least, spare from the cares or the frivolities of life an hour of enthusiasm for

"One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

S. S. F.

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### PASSION WEEK: THE PALM, THE CROSS, AND THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE.

A SERMON BY REV. HENRY W. BELLWS, D. D.

1 Cor. v. 7:—"Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us."

"THE Passover was a solemn festival of the Jews, instituted in commemoration of their coming out of Egypt. The night before their departure, the destroying angel, who put to death the first-born of the Egyptians, *passed over* the houses of the Hebrews, without entering therein, because (in obedience to Divine instructions) they were marked with the blood of the lamb, which was killed the evening before, and which for this reason was called the Paschal lamb."



It was to keep this august festival, the chief and most splendid ceremony of their religion, that the Jews had assembled at Jerusalem during the last week of our Saviour's life. The feast lasted eight days, although the first and the last days only were high-days. And, indeed, it was to celebrate the Passover that Jesus himself, a devout Jew, and faithful to the last to every token of respect for the worship of the fathers, had come up to the Holy City at this time. But he was there in two characters, as a sacrificer and as a victim, — there to eat the Paschal lamb, and to take its place as the Lamb of God, — to celebrate the Passover as a Jew, and to become the New Passover for Christians. What the blood of the Paschal lamb had been to the Hebrews, their security when the destroying angel *passed over* the land of their bondage, smiting their oppressors, but sparing *them*, Christ's blood poured out as a testimony of faith and love was to be for evermore for all who would mark their houses and their hearts with its sacred baptism, — a sign against any angel of destruction that threatened their dwellings.

The Jewish Passover celebrated not only the exemption of the Hebrews from the hand of the destroying angel, but also their exodus from Egypt, — their passover through the wilderness from the house of bondage into the promised land. You recollect very well that they did not pass at once, and with entire ease and willingness, from the long home of their slavery into the promised inheritance. They had learned to love the flesh-pots of their oppressors; and, to prepare them to enter the land of promise, God kept them forty years in the desert, exposed to the dangers, trials, and self-denials of that wandering life. They advanced towards Canaan, in precise proportion to their faith, and were retarded by every act of disobedience and infidelity, so that the Jewish Passover celebrated not only God's rescue of his people from their oppressors, but the *faith* by which the passage or passover was made from bondage to freedom, from sensual

lusts to spiritual desires and allegiance. "By *faith*," says the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Moses forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king; for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible. Through faith he kept the *passover*." The Hebrew Passover was a passing over from a destroying but fascinating dependence, a degrading ease and abundance, a foreign land of mingled plenty and oppression, — through a wilderness of suffering, disappointment, and toil (where many would gladly have turned back), — to a land flowing with milk and honey, — a native land, — a land of prophecy, of freedom, of glory.

The Christian Passover, unconsciously instituted during the very week when all the commemorative ceremonies of the Hebrew faith were going forward in Jerusalem, was in all its circumstances a condensed and vivid repetition of the Jewish exodus. In the last week of our Saviour's life met the culminating points of all the various fortunes he had experienced. He had had his earthly triumphs and successes; his disappointments and sorrows; his consolations and rewards. There had been times when every string seemed to be giving way before him. He found himself possessed of miraculous powers. There were not wanting those who deemed him "the Sent of God," and looked to him to restore the kingdom to Israel. At one time the people wished to seize him and make him a king, and he himself had not understood, or been able wholly to construe, his suffering mission at such times. But there had been other times, when he could see nothing but darkness about his earthly path, when he was misunderstood, slandered, hunted by the populace, a price set on his head, and every person of weight and influence in his nation turned against him. There had been still other times, thank God, when, though the brightness of earthly hopes did not cheer him, the gloom of desertion, abuse, and betrayal could not darken his path; for a light from a cloudless region irradiated it, and the Master triumphed over every misfortune by the power of a

living faith. But now, in this last week of his public life, (for the forty days after his resurrection were lost to the public,) all these elements of hope, of disappointment, and of final victory in an unlooked for form, were to take shape in events of a public character, condensing and rehearsing in the most dramatic form the historical exodus of the Jews and the spiritual exodus of humanity. I refer to the three great events which distinguished the Holy Week of our Saviour's Passion. First, his public entry into Jerusalem, amid the shouts and hosannas of the people, over the palm-branches and garments they strewed in his way ; secondly, his crucifixion and ignominious and cruel death at the hands, doubtless, in part, of the recent applauding populace ; and, thirdly, his unexpected and glorious resurrection. What a grand orchestral accompaniment was the Jewish nation, assembled in its sacred city, redolent of the memory of Patriarchs, Prophets, and Kings, and now engaged in elaborate commemoration of the chief event in its history, the Passover and Exodus ! what an harmonious and exalting accompaniment was it unwittingly playing to that better passover, that more significant exodus, which, in the shape of a popular commotion, a passing excitement (as it was deemed), was now singing its undying song in the short triumph, the fatal death, the incredible resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth ! Doubtless the great events in that Passover week, to the public mind, were the recurrence of the usual paschal rites. The crowds that thronged the streets came not to see Jesus chiefly. All that happened to him was, as it were, in the public estimation at least, incidental. A mob of excited people from the country, mainly women and children, had cheered this impostor, who had chosen to ride into Jerusalem on an ass's foal, in imitation of the customs of peaceful monarchs in prophetic times. The ecclesiastical and civil authorities had interfered with his career, which had previously given them anxiety and concern, and put him to death, as the quickest and most summary way of ending his trouble-

some pretensions; and this the more that he had chosen to interrupt their chief festival with his personal claims. There were afterwards rumors, and very singular ones they were, causing anxiety and questioning, touching his resurrection. But the city of Jerusalem, as a city, felt only that in all these events her Passover had been temporarily disturbed by a popular religious excitement with a tragic conclusion,—not unusual in a land where it was common enough for enthusiasts to fancy themselves that ever-expected, long-delayed comer, the Messiah. Jerusalem little knew that her Hebrew Passover that year had been kept for the last time; that the events she deemed incidental, were the great events of history,—that the true Passover Lamb was sacrificed on Calvary when Jesus met his cruel faté,—that the plaudits of the populace and the children were the voice of coming ages, the welcome of unborn generations to the King of Glory,—and that the obscure event of the Resurrection was the emancipation of the world from the fear of death and the descent of Immortal Life from heaven to earth.

Could we go back eighteen centuries and a half, to the first spring that sent forth among its early flowers that blossom of the grave, the risen Saviour,—back to that vernal season, when Jesus fulfilled the prophecy of all other spring-times, by coming forth from the chilling winter of the tomb in newness of life,—we should find that that season which Christendom still celebrates as Holy Week, or Passion Week, was then filled with the most vivid and contrasting scenes. But amid them all, our eye would fasten upon the three already named as the characteristic points in that grand picture. Last Sunday, the anniversary of our Lord's public entrance into Jerusalem, called Palm Sunday, we should have seen him descending Mount Olivet into Jerusalem thronged with an enthusiastic crowd, rending the air with their hosannas and hiding the earth beneath his tread with their palm-branches and their garments. It is mainly the people from the country that yield him this honor;

but as he reaches the crowded streets of Jerusalem, even its proud inhabitants catch the contagion, and it seems as if the whole city would go after him. Such is the impression of authority he communicates, so much are the people with him, that, when on the morrow he commands the money-changers and tradespeople, whose booths and stalls were erected within that sacred enclosure, to leave the temple, their eager hopes of gain shrink before his rebuke, and leave him undisputed master of that holy place. Foreigners from Greece come to pay him their homage, and everything gives token of a victory over the hearts of Jerusalem. The palms, whose branches the people had strewed in his way, seem now to be waving him triumph from every hill-side, and Jesus is on the very eve of accomplishing such a success as would have met the proudest expectations of his disciples. But let us rest on this hope, while it fast ripens to its better flower, and three days shall bring us, not to David's throne, to which the expectations of the Apostles were looking, but to Christ's cross! Alas! what a sudden and awful change is this! not unexpected or unforetold by Jesus, but little credited or even understood by his followers, and the most dreadful blow to the fond hopes they had such good reason for cherishing a few days back. Instead of a throng of applauding friends, crowds of taunting enemies now accompany his fainting footsteps. Instead of riding like a king upon an ass's foal, he now drags his weary form under the weight of the accursed tree. No garments are strewn in his way, but his own robe is torn from him, and shall presently be parted among thieves. For the graceful and green palms of Olivet, that so lately waved him welcome or lay in prostrate homage under his feet, the dead trunk of the yew will stretch him on its merciless standard, and receive the nails that pierce his hands and his feet. But yesterday he drove the money-changers from the temple;—to-day he is sold for thirty pieces of silver. He began the week a conqueror;—it is not closed, and he is already a victim.

A few days ago, the high-priests and rulers dared not arrest him, for they feared the people; now, when the torn palm-branches that strewed his way have not had time to wither, he whom they honored has faded from a victor into a malefactor, has paled from a king to a corpse! The Messiah who should have redeemed Israel, and who was just stepping from the temple he purified to the throne he would restore, hangs on Calvary, the mark for scorn's finger and brutality's spear;—not the Lion of Judah, but the Lamb of God, sacrificed by a savage priesthood, who knew not that they were preparing Christ our Passover when they drank his blood in revenge.

But there is yet another scene. The disciples are scattered! The impostor is unveiled! The enthusiast is cold! Another chapter has been added to the history of Messianic fanaticism. The high-priests and rulers are congratulating themselves on having quelled a popular excitement by their energetic action. The Apostles are gloomily digesting their terrible mortification. The day of the Preparation passes by in Jerusalem. Christ is buried, and his tomb sealed and guarded, and the dawn breaks on the great day of the feast of the Jewish Passover. But it breaks still more gloriously upon the Saviour's tomb. Angels of God are there! It is not now palms only that bend and break before the Lord of life, but rocks are rent before his rising footsteps! The soldiers that lately pierced his side now fall like dead men before his unarmed appearing! He that was taken down dead from the cross now rises up living from the tomb! The Passover is accomplished, the Messiah has indeed come. He has passed from an earthly triumph, through an earthly defeat, to a spiritual victory. The Paschal Lamb has been slain,—and with him all the errors and worldly views of his true disciples. The Apostles gather at the broken sepulchre, and bury there, in place of their risen Lord, all their doubts and fears, all their mistakes and selfish expectations. They now see that the palms of Olivet needed to be baptized



with the blood of Calvary before they could be woven into the chaplet of immortality. The cross was the passover, from the mistaken and external triumphs of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, to the spiritual and eternal victory of his entry into immortal life. It is a mere matter of historical fact, that Christ's death was the life of the Apostles and the vital source of his religion. Had Jesus entered into the hopes and plans of the enthusiastic crowd who, on Palm Sunday, accompanied him to Jerusalem; had he, as he might have done, inflamed them to insurrection, and seized upon the religious zeal of the people, to exalt himself to a throne, his memory would have perished. He would have merely joined the list of forgotten princes who, by their services, have achieved short successes over popular enthusiasm; or had he, abandoning that idea, escaped out of the hands of his enemies, and thus avoided the martyrdom of Calvary, he would have lost the triumph over death, which first gained him the hearts and souls of his missionary Apostles, and which first interpreted that otherwise obscure, because contradictory, assertion and resignation of supremacy contained in the words, "My kingdom is not of this world." But, like Moses, Jesus "by faith kept the Passover." He passed from earthly glory, through disappointment and death, to heavenly triumphs. He was our Passover. He has sanctified and blessed that wilderness through which the Hebrews passed from the Nile-pampered Egypt, with its flesh-pots and its bondage, to the land of promise; that exodus of the soul from the attractions and fascinations of worldly success and outward ease and selfish prosperity, through gloom and sorrow and a death of hopes, to the resurrection glories and immortal pleasures of a spiritual and believing life.

The palm, the cross, the crown! Olivet, Calvary, and the garden of the broken tomb and empty sepulchre! Youthful hope! bitter disappointment! rich and noble experience! Is not our Saviour's history during that Passion Week the history of a true human life? and is not that suffering cross,

which lies between the palm under the feet and the crown over the head, the connecting link, the true key, to that pass-over which we either make or miss, the saving passage from our hopes to their true realization? Is not that ringing in the ear of hosannas, that prospect of immediate success, that waving of palms, which greeted our Saviour, the usual welcome which life gives to our approach? We expect to clear the temple of money-changers and to mount the throne of our desires. Alas for those who, unlike Christ, have no principles to prevent them from seizing any means of accomplishing their wishes! Alas for those so deafened by the shouts of the multitude, so intoxicated with the prospect of success, so deceived by their soft tread on palms and garments, that they, unlike their Master, mistake this dazzling welcome for the accomplishment of life's design, and seek to weave from palm-branches a chaplet of immortality! Happier far those who, when their principles cease to command hosannas and palms, resign the multitude, but not their dutiful aims; who can go from Olivet to Calvary, from the green and odorous palms to "the accursed tree," whose fruit is martyrdom, from an applauded life to a disgraceful death, for the sake of honor, glory, and immortality; for Christ became our Passover, to show us that virtuous defeat is victory, that faith-endured disappointment is triumph, and that a true cause passes from the mountain of palmy success to the mountain of crucified failure, on its way to the resurrection garden of immortal victory.

Brethren, have we not some of us had this experience? Have we not learned the lesson of Christ's cross! We, too, had our palm days; we loved the applause of men; the streets of the earthly Jerusalem were dear to our eyes. We coveted success; we expected it; we enjoyed it. But there arose convictions, sentiments, hopes, and fears in our minds, which conflicted with these successes. Sorrow, bereavement, disappointment, came. The palm lost its greenness; the shout turned from music to discord, from sympathy to up-

braiding; the hosanna became an imprecation. Did we then turn with bitterness on our enemies, with doubts and rebellion towards Providence? Did we then angrily trample on the cross, as we had gayly trodden on the palm? Alas if we did! for then no angels came to roll away the stone from our gloomy and dead heart. No resurrection was preparing for our hopes if we thus shunned the cross. But if we meekly bent our heads like our Master to the will of God,—if we went to Calvary in faith that he who had led us down Olivet now had a right to lead us up the mount of crucifixion,—then, O then what an Easter morning did God prepare for our souls! How did they rise from the tomb of sorrow into the joy of a trusting religious life! how did we richly experience the truth of our Saviour's illustration, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit"! The cross is the real tree of life. It is the tree stripped of its blossoms, but retaining the germs of leaves and fruit. You have, perhaps, seen the magnolia of our gardens in the early spring, leafless, but full of gaudy flowers. Its white or purple blossoms reproach the tardy leaves with their delay. It is the palm of our latitude, and might now be waving in honor of this festival. But after a few days of bloom it is stripped of its glory. Bare as the cross, it stands flowerless, leafless,—the image of fruitless and ugly death. Again, a few days more will see it bursting with broad green leaves, spreading itself further and lifting itself higher, as the branches take hold on the sky. Its resurrection will then be complete. And, crowned with foliage, it will have perfected its passover from gay and shadeless blossoms, through bare branches, to its umbrageous beauty.

So let it be with our souls. God is constantly silencing about us the voices that were as hosannas in our ears, the voices of children and kindred. He is removing the palm-branches of prosperity, which, broken from their stock, must needs wither. He is leading us down smiling Olivet toward

gloomy Calvary, as we leave our palmy youth and gay spirits behind us. Even now, as they wave; those palms are growing sear. I see them fading on the cheek of my sick child! That branch will soon fall! I feel them growing crisp and dry in this stiff and decaying body I wear. They wave less gayly day by day, as these natural spirits flag, or as cares and trials and thoughts come in solemn stillness to hush the air that once agitated them. Ah! the palm-branches have no root, and the hands that hold them are losing their cunning,—and they are losing their color and their fragrance,—they will soon be rubbish and dust! And in what temper and spirit, beloved brethren, are we mounting the opposite slope of Jerusalem? Are we willingly carrying the cross, or are we of the company that are hurrying the victim to his sacrifice? Are we in angry passion, in levity, in empty curiosity, or official pride, scaling that mountain of crucifixion, without our Saviour's errand there,—with no confidence in God, no submission to duty, no faith in suffering, no joy in death? Then indeed shall we have all the toil and none of the reward. O, most blessed, happiest of all that stood on Calvary that day, was he who meekly hung upon its cross! He was nearest heaven, he was nearest life! The resurrection was to blossom from that dry tree when watered by its victim's blood. And so will your immortality, your bright dawn of peace and hope and joy, come to you from the crosses you bear, come from the Calvary of your domestic sorrow, the sick-room and the death-bed,—the mortification, failure, and care, the labors, anxieties, and perils, you bear and suffer in imitation of your Master. Your crown of rejoicing is molten in the furnace of pious affliction, and cast in the mould of suffering faith. Your palm shall wither down to the leafless cross, only to bud and branch and flower with immortal beauty. Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us. We pass from death to life, when we resign a palmy prosperity for a crucified submission, to gain an immortal peace, and a risen hope of eternal life.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

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*Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D., Dean of Westminster. Redfield, New York. — Five Sermons are printed here, being a course delivered by the eminent preacher and theologian, in his turn at Cambridge. They are full of the central truth of the Gospel, — Christ, as the Redemption and Life of the world. The tone is earnest, spiritual, and affecting. The style is chaste, clear, and beautiful. Dr. Trench has rendered an excellent service to the English and American public, by his several treatises on the Parables, the Miracles, Proverbs, and Synonymes. Even his ingenious Essay on Words has many religious bearings. His writings are marked rather by an effective practical purpose, united with a graceful and lively application of Biblical doctrine to personal experience, than by profound erudition or any display of great powers of reasoning. We cordially recommend these thoughtful discourses, charged with a fresh and real meaning, to all who would contemplate the Son of God in the characters of his Divinity, as the Only Begotten, the Lamb of God, the Light of the World, the True Vine, the Judge of all men.

*Two Years Ago.* By REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Ticknor and Fields. — With each of his works, Kingsley binds his old friends more closely to him, and makes a multitude of new ones. He is always in high health. The morbid moods and the vain questionings that he betrayed somewhat too freely to the public in his earlier Chartist stories, he seems to have lived down. Copiously as he writes, the stream of his thought does not yet run thin. He is clear of all cant, in philosophy, religion, and politics. And of American politics this novel shows that he has, for an Englishman, remarkably just ideas. So fresh, so bright, so racy, so honest in his faith is he always, and so fairly does he put all the doubts and criticisms of the wrong party, that he wins the sympathy and the confidence of all readers. His characterizations are bold and strong, and if not always quite consistent with nature, are consistent with themselves. Though his tales lack the proportions and the perspective of fine creations in art, they abound in special passages of splendid inventive and descriptive power. Now and then he leaves us provoked with

some incongruity, — Tom Thurnall's staying away from his old father so long at Aheralva, or his monstrous suspicions of Grace Harvey. But a character like Tom's is enough to atone for every defect of detail. It is a great sermon in itself, and, like all Kingsley's sermons, whether with texts or without, conveys the impression of a profound faith through the simplicity and vigor of nature.

Kingsley's books hardly seem like books; they are life itself. He is no artist, certainly; but he is sound, head and heart, and, in reading him, one always feels conscious of a steady growth in the author. With his last page we look with interest to what he will send forth next, longing to hear him speak again. He does not tell, like most modern novelists, the history of every character at the beginning, in the gossiping, worldly way; but lets each one, as in life, develop itself as the story goes on. Kingsley did not say all he had to say in his first book, and then only write in a circle ever after; he is a true oak of the forest, growing year after year higher and higher, dropping his acorns into the earth beneath him, believing in that same *earth* as a soil for wider, deeper growth, for ever and for ever. One feels, too, how he sympathizes with the characters he draws; and he makes his reader do the same; for he does not divide them into all black or all white, but simply shows poor human nature a mingling of both, needing a *pitying, loving* Father in heaven, and Christ the Redeemer upon earth, — the more human the more divine, and the more divine the more human.

*The Bay Path. A Tale of New England Colonial Life.* By J. G. HOLLAND. G. P. Putnam & Co. — An attentive reading of this gift from Western Massachusetts to American literature has already, in many quarters, added to the admiration of true talent the delight of a discovery. An able, courteous, and candid editor of an influential journal here becomes known as an original artist and author. In many points of view, the work has uncommon interest and uncommon value. First of all, it is throughout an unconscious and unassuming disclosure of a fine nature, — a nature where purity, thoughtfulness, and energy are blended in just proportions, — purity without prudery, thoughtfulness not *distrain*, and energy without bluster. The reader, by the subtle communications of a personal virtue, is attracted in kindly and respectful sympathies towards the author, finding in him a wise observer, a quiet scholar, a genuine lover of beauty, a well-bred gentleman, — and, at the centre of all, a most human heart. In the



next place, under the graceful veil of fiction, so skilfully woven as to betray no elaborate purpose, there is really presented a profound and discriminating criticism of the temper and manners of the Puritan Church. This is, indeed, the special significance of the book. With no theological technics, and with entire freedom from all dogmatic presumption or harshness of judgment, it indicates, in the action of living characters, just where the stanch believers of that firm and valiant age erred; just how the one-sidedness of their position abridged its strength; just how the narrowness of their religious sympathies impaired their efficiency as Christ's ministers, and how the sharp outline and imperious obstinacy of their literal creed cost them the privilege of saving souls for whom Christ died. Fully appreciating the truth of doctrine and the brave earnestness of purpose that lifted that noble race of men into their height of historic honor, the author shows that, had their doctrine only been held with a broader charity, and their zeal been tempered with a heavenlier meekness, a far more complete type of Christian manhood would have dignified our New England annals. With a mind that has evidently been opened to the expansive culture of a liberal age, and has assimilated to itself what is good in many systems, yet holding fast the old faith of the fathers, he offers, through this pleasant story, a practical interpretation of Christian Orthodoxy at once genial and Scriptural. But further, he has also imbued himself, by a patient study, with the spirit of the Colonial times he describes, and so pictures, with a fidelity to facts inner and outer which, in our judgment, neither Hawthorne nor Cooper nor Miss Sedgwick has surpassed, the peculiar elements and features that formed the life of that period,—its public stateliness, its social sincerity, its domestic simplicity, its individual integrity, with its mistakes and sins, its superstitions and intolerance. In this regard, it is strictly an American fiction, painting usages and incidents that belong to our own soil, and illustrating local chronicles. These higher intellectual and moral traits of "The Bay Path" are reflected in its style. No writer so well acquainted with the deep things of mortal experience, and so capable of discriminating the nicer shades of feeling in men and women, could write otherwise than with dignity and beauty. The plot is well conceived. The characters are well sustained. John Woodcock is a creation of which any of our best painters of human life might be proud, and his original wit and comic talk furnish as capital a specimen as we remember of a genuine Yankee imagination, throwing out its inexhaustible wealth through the homely metaphors

of every-day life. We cordially wish that, in the success of "The Bay Path," Mr. Holland may build a road to future achievements and honors, and that his fame may become as pure and precious all over the land as it is in the homes of old Springfield, and under the shadows of "Holyoke" and "Tom."

*The Child's Magazine* is the title of a new periodical publication issued at Portland, Maine. The first number is edited with excellent taste, the style being simple and pure, yet not too juvenile, and both the extracted and original pieces being well adapted to their object.

#### PAMPHLETS.

*An Ordination Sermon* at Georgia, Vt., by Rev. Lyman Whiting, of Portsmouth, N. H., earnestly setting forth the world's weakness without Christ, and its strength with him. — *The Old Ways*, a Discourse preached at Chelsea, by Rev. Joseph A. Copp, vigorously defending the principles and spirit of the Puritan Fathers, including appropriate historical references, and full of a reverential New England faith. — *Theology in America*, a Sermon by Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany, representing the extreme of Liberalism, expressing great discontent with the prevalent belief, complaining even of the most intelligent and catholic Orthodox thinkers, finding the most hopeful signs of theological progress in "Transcendentalism, Reform, and Spiritualism," reaching the unsatisfactory conclusion that eleven twelfths of the churches of America are living on an absurd delusion, and hoping for "the day when that temple arises, whose aisles shall be only the American street ascending towards the heights of our manhood." — *A Discourse on ELISHA KENT KANE*, by Rev. J. H. Allen, of Bangor, — one of the many hearty tributes to the Christian hero who lived to so much purpose, and died as he had lived. — *Twelfth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island* (Robert Allyn), drawn up with unusual care, and containing such admirable discussions of many general topics as make it quite a textbook of education. — *Ninth Annual Report of the Girard College for Orphans*, a document which, taken with abundant private testimony, is calculated to satisfy any candid mind that this peculiar institution is vigorously subserving the high interests of Christian truth, by its conscientious interior management, and the devoted spirit of those who discharge its principal trusts. — *The Historical Magazine and Notes and Queries*, No. 3, published at 119 Washington Street.